Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1840.

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Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT— page
The Louisiana Races—The second race between Wagner and Grey Eagle, etc. 534
Sporting Intelligence Extra.......... 529
Names Claimed.......... 535
Oakland Hinds County (Miss.) Fall Races.......... 537
Holly Springs (Miss.) Fall Races...... "
The Great Trotting Matches at Liverpool.......... 535
Hibernian Gentlemen Jocks 537
Shooting of the Grebe in Switzerland.. 536
A Corsican Hunt.......... "
Extraordinary Fox Hunt .... "
Diseases and Treatment of the Horse.. "
Late English Sporting Intelligence.... 529

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT— page
Things Theatrical for the Week...... 540
English Theatrical On Dits.......... "
Foreign Musical Intelligence.......... "
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
Ten Thousand A-year.......... 532
Madelina; a Roman story, by the Countess of Blessington.......... 531
French Affair de Cœur; by Theodore Hook 530
MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.
English Gossip.......... 531
Departure of Prince Albert 530
Mr. Charles Green's Proposition to cross the Atlantic in a Balloon.......... 531
Latest Despatch from Lord Brougham. "

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L., Esq., of L., is informed that there was "no mistake" on the part of those who mail and direct the magazine, as he apprehends. It is forwarded with the regards of the editor.

The letter to R. T. from W. H. has been forwarded by packet.

W. C. B.'s letter from Fayette will be replied to through the mail. You shall be supplied with a "crack."

Picton's "flint" shall be "fixed" in our next. It is idle, in times like the present, to expect $7500 for an untried 3 yr old.

"Boots" is very happy in his account of the adventures which befel him on New Year's Day. Sorry we cannot give them a place until next week; in the meantime, "Go it, Boots!"

J. W. W.'s request shall be faithfully complied with.

Answer to J. C. English horses can undoubtedly beat the American, in speed. At distances and heats, we make no doubt the reverse is the fact.

The report of a Member of the N. York "Off Hand Rifle Club" in our next.

A. A. V. B.'s stock will be inserted in the Feb. number of the Turf Register without charge.

McCargo and Duval's nomination came safe.

The pedigrees, etc. of the stock of G. L. S. have been received.

W. P. C. will be replied to at length through the mail.

J. J. G. letter came safe. He has our best wishes.

The list of Gen. T. B. S.'s stock arrived last night.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1840.

LATE ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Since our last paper went to press, we have received files of English papers nearly three weeks later; the packet-ship *England*, Capt. WAITE, bringing the latest dates, which are up to the 8th ultimo. The commercial and political news having been already disseminated by our contemporaries, we shall confine ourselves to more novel and fruitful themes.

The event which has principally occupied the sporting world, is the Trotting at Liverpool. The following were the announcements of the sport made in the Liverpool papers of the 22d Nov.:—

TROTTING OVER AINTREE ON THE 27TH AND 29TH INST.—A match for 400 sovs., three mile heats; the Birmingham mare against the American horse Alexander.

A match for 250 sovs.; three times round the course; Mr. P. Eastwood's chesnut horse against Mr. Rushton's bay mare.

A Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each; ten miles. The Birmingham mare, the American horse (Bob Logic), the Glasgow mare, and Confidence, the American horse, should his owner determine to send him down.

Confidence, by the way, was not "sent down." Suspicions had already been aroused in England, that either *Alexander* or *Bob Logic* was but an alias for our great *Rattler*; inquiries were made of the Editor of "Bell's Life in London," who had copied all the great performances of Rattler into his journal, from the "Spirit of the Times," "whether one of the nags, Bob Logic, stated to be the property of Mr. Smith, was not, in fact, the celebrated American trotter, "Rattler," the extraordinary performances of which, in America, he had recorded from "The New York Spirit of the Times." He made inquiries of a well-known horse proprietor in London, who assured him that the contrary was the fact, and he stated so much at the conclusion of his description of the proposed matches last week." But this did not permanently allay the suspicions excited. The Editor subsequently, and before the day named for the matches, received and published the following letter. (We go in to these details for the purpose of vindicating our countrymen).

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.

SIR—I am sorry to trouble you again after answering my note on the 10th inst., and your saying in your paper of yesterday, "that there is no doubt that Bob Logic is not the American 'Clipper' named Rattler, as was insinuated some time back." Notwithstanding such assertions in your journal, it still appears (to me) very strange that Wm. Wheelan should be in this country with Rattler, and going by the name of Wm. Smith. Perhaps some of your correspondents at Manchester could inform you whether Mr. Smith, the nominee of Bob Logic and Alexander, is an Englishman or no, and how long he has owned the horses. Wm. Wheelan has been some months in this country, and I do not recollect seeing any account in your paper of a horse trotting by the name of Rattler, and I know the Americans too well, from a three years residence in that country, to think they would let a horse remain idle so long, without even a mention of his name, which I have not seen in print in this country. I would not trouble you about it, but I consider if it were strictly inquired into you would find, perhaps, Bob Logic or Alexander was called Rattler in America: and again I am confirmed in this opinion, from the circumstances of Mr. S. giving £100 to Mr. Hollingsworth to make the matches; for Mr. S. well knows, should Bob Logic or Alexander be Rattler, that Rattler has trotted a mile quicker by 10 or 12 sec. than the Birmingham mare has ever done. From the above reasons I think it very probable there is some likelihood of one of the horses being Rattler, more particularly from Wheelan going by the name of Smith. Why does he not go by his right name? I have no doubt you gave the best information you could get; but as it is a common trick in America to disguise a horse, even when they take him from one State to another, such as docking, dying, &c., the thing may have been done in this instance. I would not trouble you, but as you did not give it the consideration I think it deserves, I hope you will make further inquiries, and expose the parties should it be as I suspect, as I think every thing ought to be fair and square in sporting matters.

Nov. 18, 1839. Your's respectfully, N. T.

This letter was neither endorsed nor denied by the Editor, but it confirmed the suspicions previously entertained to such a degree as to affect the betting on the trots materially.

A very full detail of the results of both match and stake the reader will find on our 6th and 7th pages, copied from "Bell's Life in Loudon," which has come to us unusually rich in its sporting contents for the month past. In the match, it will be observed that Bob Logic received forfeit, and further, that he won the sweepstakes with ease.

There is no longer any pretext kept up in England that Bob Logic and Rattler are other than one and the same horse. But it should be known in England, and especially to Mr. "N. T.," the correspondent of Bell's Life, that Rattler was purchased in America by Englishmen, and by them shipped to England. N. T. speaks of disguising a horse as being a common trick in this country. He may know more on the subject than we do, for he has, it seems, resided with us three years; but to us, at least, the practice is unknown. And at all events, if they are disposed to find fault in England with the case now before them, they will please saddle the right horse with some portion of the blame.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Glasgow mare over the Aintree course, on the 29th, by Bob Logic, her owner was not satisfied, and considered that on a hard road the issue might be different. In this persuasion, over a convivial glass in the evening, a fresh match for £20 a side was made, the owner of Bob Logic agreeing to trot the same distance, ten miles, on the turnpike-road, the next day; to start from the second mile-stone on the Ormskirk road, go five miles out, and return. And here again are we indebted to "Bell's Life" for a report.

"In this second match "Bob" gave another proof of his American "Logic," and tooled by Smith or Wheelan, or both, had it all his own way, winning easily by 15 seconds, and doing the ten miles in 34 minutes and ten seconds; 4 to 1 was offered at starting, but no takers. There is no doubt "Bob" could have "let out an extra reef," if necessary. The mare carried 15 lb. less than Bob, who carried 12 st., as in the £1,500 sweepstakes. The Glasgow mare, although defeated, is a first-rate nag, and would prove a teazer to any commoner on the road. In fact, her owner declares her performances were superior at home, and thinks her sea-voyage to Liverpool was far from seviceable. It is due to state that the Scotch speculators bore their disappointment with admirable philosophy, and, from first to last, proved themselves "thorough-bred" sportsmen. We received an account of this match "by express," on Sunday morning last, but too late to be available. We are not the less obliged to our kind correspondent. The riders were much distressed, particularly Bob's, with holding him behind the mare; if his head had been in a bucket of water, it could not have been wetter. Wm. Wheelan (the rider of Bob Logic), alias Wm. Smith, we hear, was presented with a purse containing 100 sovs., and a gold watch, value £50, for his able riding."

Subsequently, "Bob" was advertised for sale, and the agent peremptorily states that "not more than 300 guineas is asked, and not less will be taken." In "the advertisement," he is described thus; "Stands 15 hands two inches, a beautiful bay, sound in wind, limb, and eyesight, good legs, as clean as when foaled. He is seven-eights thorough-bred, if not all out; quiet in harness, quiet to ride, and carry a lady. He has trotted his three miles in eight minutes and two seconds, aud can be backed to do 3 miles in 8m. 15s—10 miles in 30m. 15s.—and 19 miles within the hour."

Those who may recollect Rattler's trot with *Dutchman* over the Beacon Course, need not be assured of his ability to go three miles in 8:15! If our recollection serve us aright, 8:02 was the time of the *third* (the dead) heat in that famous trot, while the first heat Rattler won in 7:54½, and the second was taken by Dutchman in 7:50, with Rattler close up.

In the London "Sunday Times," we observe a list of the most distinguished English stallions for the present season, with their prices annexed. To gratify the curiosity of our readers we annex the prices of several.

Bay Middleton, 35 mares (and owner's) at	30 guineas
Bran	15 sovereigns
Cain	15 guineas
Camel, 35 mares (and owner's)	25 "
Defence	20 "
Elis, 40 mares (and owner's)	20 sovereigns
Emilius	50 "
Glaucus	20 guineas
Harkaway, 20 mares (and owner's)	100 sovereigns
Liverpool	20 guineas
Pantaloon	20 "
Physician	12 "
Plenipotentiary, 30 mares (and owner's)	25 "
Rockingham, 35 " " "	20 "
Saint Patrick	15 "
Sir Hercules	20 sovereigns
Slane	15 "
Touchstone	30 guineas
Velocipede, 50 mares	25 "
Voltaire	20 "

There are a few others, whose prices are as high as twelve or fifteen guineas; but ten guineas is fixed for the services of several distinguished performers upon the turf, as *Venison, Troilus, Albemarle, Ion, Loutherbourg, Redshank, Ratcatcher*, &c. &c.

The week previous to the Liverpool Trotting, *Confidence* won a match of £100 a side on Sunbury Common The report may be found on the last column of this page, with other trotting details. We see it is proposed to establish a Trotting Sweepstakes over Sunbury Common, but the details have not reached us.

The death of ARTHUR Pavis, the Jockey, has already been announced in these columns. A fitting memoir is promised by several English sporting journals, which, when published, will be at once transferred to the "Spirit." "His death occurred at Newmarket, on the night of Friday, the 15th of November, after an illness of two days. He was buried on Wednesday, and a numerous attendance of mourning relatives, friends, and acquaintances, evinced how deeply he was lamented; he was within a few days of the completion of his thirty second year. The early career of this popular jockey was attended with unusual success; from the circumstance, perhaps, of his possessing the powers of a man, and being, at the same time, the weight of a boy; for he could at all times ride 7st., and never required to waste. In 1833, during the October meetings, besides winning the Grand Duke Michael, Clearwell, Prendergast, and Criterion Stakes, for Colonel Peel, he rode the winner of twelve other races, chiefly for the same employer. Of late years, his principal master was Colonel Peel; he also rode for General Yates, Captain Gardnor, Mr. I. Day, &c. Amongst his former masters were the Duke of Richmond, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Suffield, Hon G. S. Byng, &c.; for these and other gentlemen he won several hundred races, and it is a melancholy satisfaction to his friends, that amidst all temptations his integrity was never questioned. He has left a widow and three young children.

"Bell's Life" is publishing a series of sketches of "Hibernian Gentleman Jocks;" we have already copied one of Lord HOWTH, and to-day we give another, and a very capital one, of TOM FERGUSON, the notorious owner of *Hark away*. We had not before known that "Tom" was so celebrated upon the turf. The reader will find the sketch exceedingly amusing, and learn also that the subject of it had already attained a renown for *sharpness*, before he crossed the Channel.

In citing this article, we are reminded to call the reader's attention to several others worthy of perusal. Another part of "£10,000 a-year" is given—no one who has commenced the series will need a further hint—it grows richer and richer; a story by THEODORE HOOK, Esq., will be found on the next page, in the happiest style of its author, though the plot be somewhat melo-dramatic.

We have on hand a great variety of sporting items, for which no room can be found to-day; these shall be duly served up on the first convenient occasion.

Mr. R. Watt has sold Dash, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Fanchon, to Mr W. Fussey, of Beverley, and Mr. H. Fussey, of Sproatley.

Mr. Walmsley, of Hodnet, has sold his b. g. Catamaran to W. Collins, Esq., of Warwick, for 250 gs.

The two year old colt, Bellini, by Bedlamite, out of St. Leonard's dam (engaged in the next Doncaster St. Leger), the property of Mr. S. Barber, died a few days ago from the rupture of a blood-vessel.

The Marquis of Westminster has sold his celebrated horse, Cardinal Puff five years old, to the Marquis of Waterford, for 1200 gs.

Sporting Intelligence Extra!

Our columns are so crowded this week, that we have been obliged to postpone until next Saturday a great variety of original and selected articles, including several reports of races, recent sales of horses in England, etc. etc. Below we give a brief summary of the Sporting Intelligence contained in the letters before us.

The New Orleans Races over the *Gentilly* (formerly the Louisiana) *Course* commenced on the 18th Dec., for the Creole purse, mile heats. Won in 1:55—1:56 by Mr. J. H. Lewis' gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, beating Mr. Duplantier's *Fantasie*. Same day, the Proprietor's Purse, mile heats, was won in 1:53—1:52, by J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, beating Bandbox, Pensee, and Speed.

Second day, 19th Dec., the purse of $1200, Two mile heats, was won in 3:49—3:47½—3:49½, by B. Smith's Luzborough mare *Eloise*, beating Altorf (who won the 1st, and ran second the 2d and 3d heats), Curculia, Lucy Fuller, Cotton Plant, and Black Knight.

Third day, 20th Dec., the purse of $1500, Three mile heats, was won by the Brothers Kenner's *Grey Medoc*, in 5:56½, beating Billy Townes, who was withdrawn after the 1st heat.

Saturday, Dec. 21.—Mr. Tayloe's imported mare *Maria Black* walked over for the $2000 purse, Four mile heats! The following day the Luzborough mare *Eloise* won the Mile heats, best 3 in 5, at five heats, beating Telie Doe and Laurent. Same day, Mr. Campbell's *Glorvina* won the Louisiana Plate (value $1000), Two mile heats, beating Mary Jones, Tom Moore, and Harpalyce. The purse for Mile heats, same day, was won by Mr. Long's Cotton Plant, beating Medina.

Reports in detail of the races over the Metarie and Eclipse Courses, by one of our special correspondents, reached us by last night's mail. Our letters from New Orleans look as if they had been dragged through every creek in Alabama.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Races.*—A full report of the late meeting, which commenced on the 23d Dec., reached us by yesterday's mail. We have time but to state that Gen. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, won the Sweepstakes—R. H. Long's Leviathan filly *Salautha* won the Mile heats—Head & Smith's *Old Mistress* the Two mile heats—H. & S.'s *Queen Elizabeth* (late Polly Pillow) the Three mile heats, beating Pollard Brown—H. & S.'s 3 yr. old Leviathan colt *Leslie* the Four mile heats, beating Westwind by Chat. Margaux, Lord of Lorn by Argyle, and Maltravers by Bertrand—H. & S.'s *Old Mistress* the Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. R. L. STEVENS' stock, the produce of Polly Hopkins, foaled in England, is ch h. Tornado, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.—La Sylphide, by Emilius, 4 yrs.—ch. c. by Plenipo, 3 yrs.—colt by Emilius, 2 yrs. (the yearling we have forgotten, but think it is by Plenipo). Polly is now in foal to Glaucus, and will be stinted next season to Langar or Plenipo.

Boston.—A correspondent suggests that the proprietors of courses advertise their purses for Four mile heats "*free for all horses* EXCEPT BOSTON, who will not be allowed to start unless he carries ten pounds extra!" Would such a proposition be entertained? We should like to hear the opinions of turfmen on the subject. It is certainly paying "Old White-nose" the highest possible compliment.

Col. HAMPTON has been obliged to throw his Argyle filly, *Kate Seyton*, out of training altogether, her lameness having returned upon her. It is thought to be owing to the formation of splints; which have now made their appearance, and are so situated as to produce friction on the back tendon. In speaking, some time since, of the success of this spirited turfman, we remarked that his "string of horses, in the hands of STEWART, had won more races than any other in the Union." We may have been misunderstood, as the meaning intended to be conveyed was, that while his horses had never avoided a contest, they had lost fewer races, in proportion to the number they had won, than any other string. We conceived it due to the Stable to pay it a compliment, and of course, named Stewart, the trainer, bearing, as he does, the near relation to Col. HAMPTON that ARTHUR TAYLOR does to Col. JOHNSON. Arthur would be a cipher without "the all-seeing eye" of the "old Nap," but, with the one to train and the other to manage, they are invincible.

We regret to notice the death of one of the most promising young things at the North. A few nights since the grey filly by Imp Trustee, out of the celebrated Bonnets o' Blue, got out of her stable, and was killed. She was called *Echo*, and was foaled on the 24th of Feb. last. She was half sister to *Mariner*, the crack 3 yr. old of the North, and was the property of WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, N. J., who owns her dam.

Tall Matches at Ten Pins.—On Monday last a gentleman of this city offered to roll an hour, and average ten pins a game. The Knickerbocker Alley, in Park Row, was selected. The gentleman alluded to rolled sixty games in the hour, getting 687 Pins. Immediately on its conclusion, another match was offered him, that he could not roll the same number of games, and get as many pins, on the following day, on the same alley. He accepted the match, and the following is the result:—

First Match.						Second Match.					
10	16	7	16	9	8	9	9	18	10	19	9
6	10	10	10	10	8	16	8	18	9	11	7
10	10	12	9	9	6	9	10	10	9	9	9
19	17	10	10	9	8	17	10	20	9	10	10
14	9	18	10	10	8	8	10	9	7	16	7
19	8	10	9	9	10	19	10	9	9	16	10
8	10	10	20	9	9	17	16	19	9	8	15
19	9	18	20	10	16	10	15	17	12	18	10
9	10	19	9	10	19	15	10	16	10	12	19
20	8	8	9	10	15	19	10	19	14	10	9
134	107	122	122	95	107	139	108	155	98	129	105
Total 687.						Total 734.					

The first match was won by 87 pins, and the second by 134!

Mr. KENDALL's Stakes have filled splendidly. On the 1st instant he had received upwards of 40 nominations in the "Ladies' Stakes," 15 in the "Pete Whetstone," and 15 in the "Sewell Stakes." The number will probably be increased; n xt week the list is to be published in this paper.

Among the passengers in the *Hibernia*, which arrived last night from Liverpool, was WILLIAM WHEELAN. The Hibernia brings dates three days later. For news of "*Mr. William Smith*," or *Bob Logic*, apply as above!

The trotting mare, formerly known as *Lady Victory*, recently matched by Mr. L. W. HALSEY vs. Mr. BERRY's *Confidence*, is called *Kate Horn*, after Miss C. Horn, of the Charleston Theatre. *Kate Haun*, a fine race-mare in the South-West, was thus named in compliment to a celebrated belle.

A FRENCH AFFAIR DE CŒUR.

We may earnestly return our thanks to Heaven that our English women, of the present day, are what they are—a more pious, moral, more enlightened, more accomplished race of females, perhaps never existed upon earth,—and we may earnestly thank Heaven, that with all their accomplishments and mental powers there seldom appears amongst them a "heroine." That class of English women figure chiefly in the reports of the police-offices, the scenes of their exploits are not the most brilliant, and we read rather to shudder, than admire the accounts of their energetic proceedings.

Now, on the continent, the highly-educated woman seems, when any crisis occurs, to unsex herself; and acting upon strongly excited feelings, proceeds to the commission of great crimes, in the full conviction that they are great virtues; and even yields up her life in working out a moral and chivalrous result to a course of events based originally upon the worst and most erroneous principles.

The following story, told by the mistress of a little *auberge*, near a small town in France, celebrated for an extensive manufactory, I cite as a case in point. I do not mention the name of the place, inasmuch as the excellent gentleman, the sight of whom gave rise to mine hostess's narration, might feel displeased at being so identified. Not but if he participates in the *sentiment* with which the circumstances had evidently inspired the landlady, he could not regret the circulation of the history, which in *her* opinion redounded so greatly to the honour of one whom he so dearly and tenderly loved. I have heard that this "fragment of domestic history" has actually been made the groundwork of a novel. I have never met with the book, and therefore shall tell my story (as Ude distinguishes his different dishes) the "landlady's way."

It seemed, according to her account, that about two years before my accidental visit to the "Galere" (so was the hostelry de *signated*), a lady of some nine-and-thirty years of age, or thereabouts, found herself *tete-a-tete* with a gentleman-traveller in the Diligence, travelling from Paris, where she had been to place her elder daughter under the care of her aunt, who was to watch over her progress at one of the "seminaries" for young ladies which gem and adorn the heights of Montmartre.

Madame Fleury—that not being her name, but used by me to avoid the awkwardness to the reader of being obliged to substitute something for blanks and dashes, which must be naturally adopted in a case like this—Madame Fleury—*owning* to thirty-nine—was a most captivating person; she had dark, sparkling, intelligent eyes, black naturally-curling hair, teeth, of which, according to M. Murat, she certainly took greater care than the English women of *his* day—a figure quite symmetrical; white hands, small feet; in fact all the admitted attributes of beauty; and a manner so agreeable, so sweet, so natural, so very lively, and so little affected, that a man might at first wonder how a husband of M. Fleury's standing in life, could make up his mind to permit her to journey alone in a public stage coach.

To be sure, if she *had* journied alone, things might have turned out better—unfortunately as has just been observed, she had a companion, who, although originally intending to stop at Epernon, abandoned his primary designs, and continued his progress throughout the rest of the day, fascinated by the charming manners and agreeable conversation of Madame Fleury; having, be it understood, conveyed to her intelligent mind the rather important fact that the extension of his excursion was wholly and entirely consequent upon the anxiety he felt to mature an acquaintance so agreeably begun.

M. Chatel (so called for present purposes), was in figure above the middle height, his countenance animated and expressive. He was "not," as the saying goes, "what the world called handsome," but exceedingly winning in his ways—Gentle, and attentive in a certain degree, and tender and respectful up to a certain point, his *petits soins* were proffered in a manner so amiable, and with an air so *gentil*, that Madame Fleury, who had in the outset of their expedition, looked as cold and reserved as her eyes and lips would permit, began to thaw; and when a third passenger left the Diligence at Cognieres, she did not feel either regret that he was gone, or alarm that she was left *tete-a tete* with M. Chastel.

M. Chastel, to do him justice, was not slow to perceive that he had made some progress in his fair companion's good graces; and when the Diligence stopped at Epernon, and he was summoned by the *Conducteur* to quit it, his announcement of his resolution to continue where he was, was received by that functionary with a look which, if Madame Fleury had happened to see it, might have flurried her, but she did not.

As M. Chastel, gently presuming upon the toleration with his conversation was admitted and listened to, went on by degrees, in a way that men of the world, they say, have, but which my landlady could not exactly describe (and which if she had the power to do so, I should not have wished to hear), to express something more than common admiration of his charming associate.—As soon, however, as his compliments became more particular, and his attentions more pointed, Madame Fleury felt it her duty to let him see that she was aware of the change in this manner and the tone of his conversation, by informing him that she was both a wife and a mother—that, as the reader already knows, she had been to Paris to place her eldest child, and was returning home to her husband and two other daughters. Where that home was, she told him she would not tell him, but that as he had unequivocally declared himself pleased with having made her acquaintance, she was certain that when she assured him that the only way to secure her happiness and comfort, would be to leave her at the next stage, without endeavouring to discover her name or residence, he would do as she requested.

"It will be better for us both," said Madame Fleury: "at present we are nothing to each other—we shall part friends, and I shall always recollect with pleasure the agreeable day I have passed in your society—the character of the conversation which you have just assumed, renders it imperative on me to put a stop to it. I tell you I have a husband older than myself; and if you continue your journey further, and he hear of it, he will be sure to think ill of us both, and *my* happiness will at all events be hazarded. I think if I *have* interested you as you say, you would not wish that such should be my fate: so let us continue friends and part friends at Bonneval, where the Diligence next stops—remain there, and let *me* pursue my way home."

This was all very reasonable, very connubial, and very amiable; but unfortunately Chastel was one of those acute gentlemen who pick out of a speech all the points which tell particularly for themselves. Madame Fleury was all rectitude and morality; but then she thought it was better for both their sakes that they should part as soon as possible There was something in the combination, "both their sakes,"—he had confessed *his* feelings towards her—the parallel admitted a good deal of her feeling towards him,—and then she had a husband older than herself—and he was of a jealous turn moreover, which was perhaps the most important of all—jealous without cause.

What did Chastel resolve to do? Why, he was of course ready to obey the injunctions of his fair companion—to part from her at Bonneval—to pledge himself to do every thing she desired him to do, and trust to circumstances for the fulfilment of his promises and the redemption of his pledges.

Whether many of my readers have been at Bonneval as a halting-place, it is impossible for me to say; but that it is a gloomy place in itself, I may venture to declare. At which inn the Diligence stopped "to sup" (as the phrase goes,) my landlady did not say, nor does it much signify, at Bonneval the Diligence in question *did* stop, and there the supper was ready.

Chastel and Madame Fleury being the only passengers, were the only partakers of the little meal, which as far as great civility, an exceedingly white tablecloth, bright plate, and three well-dressed *plats* went, was all that could be desired by travellers in a Diligence—*a matelotte* and a *fricandeau*, both excellent, followed by as good a *soufflé* as a *four de campagne* could produce, composed the banquet. A bottle of champagne and another of *vin du pays*, red and agreeable, were put down *La fille* retired, and the travellers enjoyed, after their fashion, the repast prepared for them, or for any other travellers who *might* have occupied their place.

Chastel did not anticipate the happiness which was in store for him. He knew only that the Diligence stopped at Bonneval, and did not even hope that before his promised separation from his fair incognita, he should have the happiness of supping with her, as he had, in company with a third person, being permitted to dine, or, as *we* should say, "lunch" with her.

The supper was agreeable—the wine not unpleasant—the conversation grew interesting and animated. It continued, however, until the *Conducteur* announced to the landlord that the Diligence was ready to proceed. The landlord wound himself up his staircase, and proceeded to the room where the passengers were at supper. He opened the door without knocking at it—a solecism ever to be deprecated. He saw the supper scarcely "damaged"—the *soufflé*, lay flat and dead—not much of the champagne had been drunk and the passengers were absent.

The landlord, with all the tact of a Frenchman and an innkeeper, saw in a moment the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, by his abrupt intrusion; and anxious at once to repair the damage done by his *gaucherie*, and to prevent any unpleasant histories as to the lady, or any scandal as to the respectability of his own inn, closed the door more quietly than he had opened it, and announced that the passengers would be down directly—at the same time proceeding along the lobby to the head of the stairs, certain of their speedy arrival, but not exactly knowing from what quarter.

La fille, however, soon satisfied him of their existence, and another summons of the *Conducteur* having brought them fairly to light, Chastel thrust a Napoleon into the hands of "mine host," and descending the tortuous staircase and crossing the kitchen-hall, with Madame Fleury leaning on his arm, proceeded to the door where the Diligence was waiting.

Madame Fleury looked flushed and agitated—her eyes, in which a close observer might have seen a tear, were scarcely raised from the ground. She leaned firmly upon the arm of the stranger—her air and manner towards him were totally different from what they had been when they arrived.

He handed her into the carriage—but few words were exchanged as they parted.

"Remember," said she, in a faltering, but deep expressive tone, "you have sworn—never, so help you Heaven! to endeavour to discover my name or residence! Remember—triumph—for you *may*—but at least be generous—*that* was your oath—keep it!"

"Eternally," said Chastel, kissing her hand as a pledge of his inviolable sincerity. The door of the Diligence was closed—it drove off—Chastel watched it with intense interest till it was out of sight. He turned to the landlord (who, candle in hand, was standing behind him doing the same thing, in order to see how his sorrel mare would go in harness,) and looking him full in the face, said,

"Landlord, I'll give you another Napoleon if you will tell me what the name of that lady is, and where she lives."

"That sir," said the landlord, "I cannot do, because you see I do not know."

"Then," said Chastel, "I must find all that out some other way."

And he *did* find it out some other way. My old landlady, garrulous in proportion, as she saw me anxious to hear, told me what they call all the "whys" and "wherefores" of the business, none of which are essential to my object here. Chastel *did* find out where the lady lived, and who she was; and, charmed as he had been with the snatch of her society which he had enjoyed reckoned his oaths made to her merely Love's perjuries, sure to be forgiven, not only by relenting Jove, but by the lady herself. Wherefore having made his arrangements, he obtained a letter from a Paris friend, recommending him as a "man of science," to the notice of M. Fleury, the established and extensive manufacturer at ——, who might be of great use to him in the improvement of his various processes, at once decreasing his labours and increasing his profits.

Modern philosophers are not so unworldly as the ancients were; and although it would be a great sin and shame to impugn the motives and intentions of all the gentlemen of science, who periodically perambulate the provinces, and exhibit themselves at so much "per head," it must be confessed that they contrive beautifully to blend the worldly and unworldly affairs of society, so as to divide as equally as possible all the advantages derivable from their wisdom, between the enlighteners and the enlightened. Chastel's "scientific friend" made no scruple whatever in preparing credentials for *his* "scientific friend," who knew no more of the application of the principles which formed the germ of his friend's theory as regarded M. Fleury's great manufactory than—but comparisons, as Mrs. Malaprop says, are "odorous," and I forbear.

It was somewhere about six o'clock in the evening when M. Chastel, armed with his letter of introduction, presented himself at the gates of the manufactory of M. Fleury; great high chimneys emulating the graceless, sightless, much-loved longed-for Cleopatra's needle (on which nobody would cast an eye who had an eye for taste), were puffing out their smoke; hammers were clattering, wheels were revolving, and beautiful objects were the results; and in the midst of this infernal noise, M. Chastel found the excellent Vulcan of his much admired Venus—a good, jolly, middle-aged, comfortable man, evidently addicted to his trade, and delighted beyond measure to find a gentleman qualified, by a letter of recommendation from Paris, to enlighten his mind and lighten his labors.

"Sir," said M. Fleury, having read the credentials of his supersession-of-toil-friend, "I am delighted to see you. If you can attain the object suggested, it will indeed render you most worthy of my thanks and consideration, in every sense of the word. However, for to-day, adieu to business—your arrival will make this a holiday, for we are so remote from what the English writer calls 'the busy haunts of men,' who happen not to be men of our own trade, that my wife always considers it a little *fete* if a stranger comes to see us.

Chastel, man of the world as he was, was startled at the remark.

"Ha! ha!" said Fleury; "I see—you—you Parisians—'gad you don't fancy that we artisans have any domestic comforts. I *have* a wife, M. Chastel—God bless her! as good and kind as she is clever and accomplished, and three children—daughters, all daughters—who will, I hope some day, emulate the excellence of their excellent mother; but I won't preach, you shall see my little happy family. One of my girls is at school in Paris—she will be well provided for by her aunt—so—I worry you about my affairs—only—only, I show you the *carte du pays*—if your proposition is available, you will see what you will have to endure—eh—all plain, fair—all open and above-board, here, M. Chastel."

This was rather more than Chastel thought he could endure, and infinitely more than his scientific friend at Paris ever imagined he would be subjected to; but there he *was*—there was no retreating—for even while he was pondering upon the possibility of an escape from trials to which—libertine as he was—if he had known the real state of the case, he would never have subjected the wife of this excellent husband or himself, Fleury had announced the arrival of the stranger.

"I am sorry," said Fleury, "that we have no sleeping-room to offer you, M. Chastel—at least not to-night. The inn at which you stopped, however, is hard by—good beds—good wine, if you have need of it—and—" here he whispered something in his guest's ear, not loud enough to reach the person who told the story to my landlady at the Galere; but which made Fleury laugh, although it did not appear to amuse M. Chastel.

Fleury proceeded forthwith to enter into details about his buckets and chains, and pintels, and swivels and other *minutiæ* of his manufactory, and became so entirely engrossed in the details, necessary to explain the principles of his proceedings, destined to be simplified by the application of Chastel's chemical process to the raw material, that although they had drunk some coffee in the "master's" own room, and some *chasse* after, they did not quit what are called "the works" till it was nearly dark.

Chastel, who wished the manufactory in the place which it closely resembled, having had to fight through the whole dialogue with his host by means of simple negatives and affirmatives, fired his shots somewhat at random, but which luckily served upon several occasions to hit remarkably well.

At length the time for transition from the dark looking dominions of M. Fleury to the brighter regions where the lady reigned, arrived, and then Chastel really did feel an agitation which, upon being presented to the mistress of the house, he had the greatest possible difficulty to conceal. So, not *she*—with a sweet, yet dignified manner she received him, when presented by her husband, as one to whom as that husband's friend, she was bound to do the honors of his house with courtesy and kindness—no look of recognition beamed in her eyes—no quiver of her lip—perhaps, a little blanched, but close compressed, betrayed that they had ever met. She made room for him on the sofa beside her, and inquired of him the sort of journey he had made, qualifying even this civil interest in his proceedings by mentioning that her husband had informed her that one of his scientific friends had given him letters of introduction, leading to matters which would be eventually highly advantageous to his commercial concerns.

Chastel, man of the world as he was, was more overcome by the entire self-possession of the lady than by the peculiarity of his own position; but he was overcome even still more by a feeling for which the world, perhaps, and certainly his intimate associates, would not have given him credit. He regretted, that when he had resolved to follow up this charming woman, he had formed so erroneous an estimate of her real position in society. The picture she had drawn of her domestic establishment, whatever she might feel, presented nothing to the eye, like comfort or happiness. Here the husband "older than herself" appeared devoted to her, and her two beautiful children were the idols of their happy parents.

Of these sweet girls the mother seemed prouder than young mothers, with bright eyes, and black locks, generally appear to feel of growing-up daughters—to be sure they were *very* young. But they sang sweetly, and danced gaily, their proficiency in both of which accomplishments Madame Fleury made them display.

Then came supper—unlike the last time M. Chastel and the lady had supped together—the supper was eaten; except indeed, that M. Chastel did little more as regarded his share of the pleasing labor than he had done before; but Fleury ate, and drank, and laughed; so did the children, and so did their mother, and when the party broke up, and Chastel returned to his inn, his better feelings got the better of his coarser passions, and he said to himself, "What would I not give that I had not come here!"

The morning dawned—mornings always do, and the sun always shines through the trellised windows of little inns, as the moon always shines at night for lovers in novels—nay, in one novel, as I have somewhere before noticed, written by a most excellent woman, and a capital hand at works of fiction, a whole deserving family reduced to poverty, consisting of fourteen individuals, are supported by the sale of the milk of one cow for eleven years, without the profitable animal ever having a calf; or, if I recollect the novel aright, any one of the twelve small children ever growing a day older. Therefore will I pass over my old landlady's description of the sun, and the casement, and the honeysuckle, and the counterpane, and the hand-basin, reflecting the rays of the bright orb, &c., and in which she indulged, as connected somehow with Chastel's morning thoughts; and come to the point.

He breakfasted by invitation with the Fleuries—the children were not present, and during the meal, which is at best an unsocial one, he saw more than once, the dark, intelligent eyes of the lady of the house fixed intently on his countenance.

Breakfast over—Fleury made his apologies for being obliged, as a Something of his "*arrondissement*," in some municipal, or other Tom-foolical capacity, to absent himself from home at dinner, adding that Madame Fleury would do the honors in his absence.

Chastel—perhaps, ungallantly said NO to this proposition. "He was obliged to visit a friend at two leagues distance, with whom he had promised to dine, when his scientific friend in Paris had given him the letter, which brought him there." Fleury was too well-bred, manufacturer as he was, to question the truth of this story, in which he saw only a plausible excuse on the part of Chastel, to avoid the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête* with a lady whom he did not well know. He therefore readily accepted the excuse, and communicated it to his wife.

There was in the little paradise which Madame Fleury had contrived to make, even in the confines of the infernal regions of her husband's Ætna, a garden, in the full purity of the patty-pan taste, little quaint beds and *parterres*, with a fountain in the centre of eight walks radiant therefrom—a thing which, though formal, still placed as it was, and well kept, was there exceedingly pretty. It was surrounded with a clipped hedge, and yews and hollies, cut in shapes, which made their grotesqueness picturesque.

Into that, Chastel and Madame Fleury, with the two girls, and three little curly dogs, with long ears, and eyes (to which even Alexander himself could bring no relief, if he would condescend to the practice), proceeded for a stroll; and the dogs wow-wowed, and wagged their little tails, and frisked over the flowers, and smelled about, and were quite happy; and the two dear little children went butterfly-hunting; and it was a bright, beautiful day; and the good Fleury called to his girls to chase a stray hen out of the garden, that had made her way from the *poulailler* and was pecking at their dear mother's choicest buds and blossoms.

Away went the children—away went the dogs—away went Fleury—and away went the hen—and such a laughing, and barking, and chuckling and cackling, never were heard. Chastel stood and looked on—by his side stood Madame Fleury.

"This scene pleases you," said she, looking at him earnestly.

He silently bowed an affirmative.

"Why did you come to spoil it?" said she.

"I—"

"Do not speak," said Madame Fleury, in a half whisper; "you see *that* window?" pointing to one which immediately overlooked the garden in which they were standing. "It is the window of *my* room—my husband will not return home till ten to-night—I will be at that window at nine—remember this is *your* crime, not mine—but remember!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Geraldine, the younger girl of the two, running up to her, "one little dog—"

"My dear, dear child, you are making yourself so hot, and your dear father will catch cold," said the affectionate mother. Come now, come in—M. Chastel will take care of the dog, *I* dare say, and persuade your father to come in too."

Saying which, Madame Fleury taking her child's hand in hers, bade the unconscious Geraldine wish M. Chastel good morning, and leading her into the house, turned her face towards the favored visiter as she entered it, and with an inclination of her head, not easily to be misunderstood, reminded him of the appointment for the evening, to which he had, at least, tacitly agreed.

It has been already said, in justice to Chastel, that he repented of his perseverance in a pursuit in which, if he were successful, the results must be terrible as related to an establishment which seemed so happy; and to the comforts of the excellent man who had so warmly welcomed him to partake of its *agremens*—still, to decline the invitation of Madame Fleury was impossible; besides, there was about her a heartlessness—a cold, calculating hypocrisy, which could at the instant of making such an assignation, enable her to clasp her child to her bosom, and talk of its "dear father," which soothed and consoled him, upon the principle, that as she had previously misrepresented her husband to a stranger in a Diligence, so she had equally misrepresented herself. Besides, at all events, a lady's bidding was not to be denied—and so Chastel reconciled himself to affairs in progress, procured a horse from the village inn—a better horse than he otherwise would have procured—being the friend of M. Fleury—one of whose proffered steeds, from a refinement of delicacy not universal with gentlemen of his character, he declined.

Away he cantered in one direction, while M. Fleury trotted off in another—the one to a supposed engagement towards the north, the other to a municipal assembly in the south, leaving Madame Fleury to her thoughts and reflections until the return of *at least one of them.*

Time flew—it does fly—at least it goes—Shakspeare has best settled the relative pace; but my landlady of the "Galere" had never heard of Shakspeare, so she described the march of the Veteran with the Forelock (Firelock *apud* Ramsbottom), and indicated the particular minute of Chastel's visit, as being expected half an hour after the children were put to bed. I did not like the mode of fixing the period; however, I took her *data* and listened.

"The moon"—I have anticipated my landlady there; however, let her take her own way—"the moon, sir," said she, "was just rising when Chastel came under the window—the tops of the fruit trees in the garden seemed tipped with silver." This, considering she had never heard the name of Shakspeare, I thought was a lucky coincidence.

"M. Chastel, sir," continued the old woman, "stepped gently along the terrace, which you may see now at the back of the house, till he came just under where Madame Fleury, true to her appointment, was waiting. There was no light—the dear children slept in the next room—eh—only think, sir!—Well, and so when Monsieur Chastel came under the window, she whispered to him, 'There—there—you see that projecting bit of stone in the wall, put your foot on *that*—the next step will bring you to me.' He did as he was bid—as how could he help it? He raised himself on the projecting bit of stone, and the next step *did* bring him to her. At that moment, as he described it afterwards, instead of the warm hand of his expectant mistress, a circle of cold iron suddenly met his forehead—it was the end of a pistol-barrel. In the twinkling of an eye the pistol was fired, and Chastel fell to the ground—the ball lodged in the back of his neck. All he heard were these words from Madame Fleury as she pulled the trigger, 'Die, wretch! you have broken the oath you swore to me at Bonneval.'"

"He survived long enough," said the old woman, "to tell us *that*, and that was all."

"And what," said I, "became of Madame Fleury?"

"Why," answered my landlady, "she had of course another pistol for herself and was dead before the perjurer had breathed his last—that is the history of the gentleman with the black hatband and the two daughters, about whom you asked me as they passed the house—that is M. Fleury, the widower."

"And a sad history too," said I.

"Ah! but," said the landlady, "what a noble woman Madame Fleury *was*—see how she behaved!"

Whereupon, although perhaps landladies of small inns are not the best judges of virtue and morality, I began to think what the tone of society must be in a country where a lady who having been faithless to her husband, upon a stage-coach provocation, abandons her children, murders the partner of her crime, and ends by committing suicide, is held up by her neighbors as a splendid example of modern heroism and retributive justice.

London New Monthly Magazine for Dec.

THE DEPARTURE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert has left some sorrowful hearts behind him; and none more grievous than ourselves of the Age. *Evasit! eripuit!*—he is off! moustache and all, which, by the way, he swore nobody should deprive him of, and he was right. *Le jeu est fait*—the trick is done—and in the merry month of May, Albert will, in all the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious bridegroomship, lead the fair Rose of England to the Altar! Well! well! be it so. There is something in the young fellow's *physique* which, like *charity* (a virtue much estimated by the Coburgs), covers a multitude of sins, that reconciles us to the union. However, we will not anticipate matters. The proverb says "there's many a slip betwixt the *cup* and the *lip*"! Beware, Albert, beware!

His Royal Highness, accompanied by his Illustrious Brother, who had the yellow jaundice in *Ernest*, left the Castle on Thursday. The parting scene with his betrothed was conducted with all due decorum—it was "*frigidum sine buss*," as Brougham says, cold without a kiss. But Queens and Princes do not make love like common mortals. Jove paid his addresses to Leda in the form of a swan, because he fancied her his dearest *duck*, and the Royal *Cabbage* and Royal *Rose* have perhaps gravitated to the common centre of affection by a similar lofty sympathy unknown to the *oi polloi*.

His Royal Highness has made some conquests during his sojourn. One heart in particular goes "*Pitt*"-*a-pat* for him—another feels "Cock"-sure he will "smile again" on his bonnie lassie. Lady Forbes, like the tricking parrot, "says nothing, but thinks the more." Miss Murray has openly pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment. Prince Albert has been very generous. He gave Sir Henry Seton his favorite *meerschaum*, and all the love-letters he received, to light it with. To Lord Fingal he presented the little golden crucifix that he every morning shaved and prayed under, begging him to take care of it. Headfort, to whom he had taken a great dislike, received NIX—just as much as the convicted adulterer deserved. To the Grooms of the Great Chamber he munificently gave a £5 note, and departed amidst an universal development of grief, the Band of the Guards playing appropriately—

"The girl I've left behind me!"

London Age.

English Gossip.

A Belgian paper states that Prince ALBERT has a happy talent for poetry, and has published at Bonn, for the benefit of the poor, a collection of songs, which were very agreeably set to music by his brother ERNEST. We understand the collection comprises "Bob and Joan and I," "Come haste to the wedding," "Kiss my Lady," "Yankee Doodle," (for the German flute) "Peas upon a Trencher," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Off she goes," "The Sojer tired," "If I was a donkey," "All round my hat," "He vos sich a nice young man," "The dandy dog's-meat man," &c., and a numerous list of dainty ditties. We understand when the QUEEN heard his Highness was a poet, she declared that should not make her *a-verse* to him.

HOWELL and JAMES are manufacturing a toilet-box, which Prince Albert intends to make a bridal present to the "fair Rose of England." The cost price is £4000, being, as Joe Hume has calculated, nearly fourteen times the amount of his Highness's income. However, John Bull, quiet animal, stands Samuel.

A late evening's entertainment at Windsor Castle was diversified by the following songs:—Lord MELBOURNE volunteered a parody he had composed on his return to Windsor from the Guildhall Dinner, to the tune of "I've been roaming." The accompanying lines, found in the manuscript by the Court Sweep, his Lordship thought it best to omit before the Queen:—

I've been hooted, I've been sneered at,
Where I hoped to meet with cheers;
And I still have got the ringing
Of their hisses in my ears.

Lord PALMERSTON sang "The Archer boy;" Lord EBRINGTON, "Bow, wow, wow;" the Marquis of HEADFORT, "I've kissed and I've prattled;" Baroness LEHZEN, "He's such a nice young man;" Prince ALBERT, "I give thee all, I can no more," accompanied on the German flute; Lord NORMANBY, to the surprise of all, gave an excellent imitation of Paul Bedford in his celebrated song, "Nix, my dolly; pals, fake away," which the account of the doings at Newport had put in his head. The Duchess of Kent gave, "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind," with a melancholy expression, which was observed by all present; and Her Majesty, "I care for nobody," with great gusto.

It is said that when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two, she begins to be alarmed at his indifference.—[Lady Bulwer laughs at this.]

The *Charivari* informs us that D'ORSAY, whom it calls the King of the Dandies, has arrived in Paris, and is very gay in its account of this sovereign of fashion, who, it says, makes a present of a guinea to the waiter who gives him a match to light his cigar. This king makes peers (*paires*) like other kings, says the Charivari, but they are *paires de bottes*, for no sooner does he wear a new boot, than all the dandies give orders to the tradesman by whom he is supplied. Meeting once a poor devil of a tailor, says the Charivari, who was without a customer, he ordered a pair of trousers—they were brought home, and precious trousers they were, but he wore them two days, they became the fashion, and the tailor's fortune was made.

An Irishman, on passing through a field of cattle the other day said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and *one* of them standing up, that one is sure to be a *bull!!*"

Col. Ragani, uncle of the celebrated Grisi, appeared before a police tribunal in Paris on Monday last, charged with having assaulted his tailor. The dispute arose out of a disputed account, and the tailor having contradicted in terms not fit for "ears polite" an assertion of the Colonel, the latter inflicted two boxes of the ear; and the Court in its turn recompensed the tailor by 100 francs damages, and ten days' imprisonment for the Colonel; such is the severity of the laws of assault in France, however great the provocation. The King's Advocate even urged one year's confinement as the punishment, as he said that duelling was now so severely visited by the Courts that the tailor had but legal redress for his blows as he could not challenge the Colonel.

Unexpected Marriage.—A very curious story was yesterday (Nov. 30) circulated, and universally believed, in the hall of the Four Courts. A letter was said to have been received from Lord Stuart de Decies by his brother, Mr. Wm. Villiers Stuart, member for the county of Waterford, announcing that the noble lord felt it his duty to acquaint the members of his family that he has been married since 1825. Up to the moment of the receipt of this letter, it was supposed that Lord Stuart was a bachelor, and it was the opinion amongst his connections and friends that he would never become a Benedict. But it now turns out that the noble lord is not only a married man, but that he has five children, including an heir to his title and immense estates. Lord Stuart's letter was dated from Munich, where he was staying with his family. Lady Stuart, it is said, is a German lady, and the daughter of a Bavarian Count. It is not more than twelve months since Mr. William Villiers Stuart, the brother and heir presumptive of his lordship, was married to Miss Cox, a lady of the most respectable family in the county of Kilkenny, connected with Lord Dunally. On that occasion, in addition to the fortune to which he was legally entitled, Lord Stuart presented his brother with a sum of £20,000 By all the members of his family, Lord Stuart is greatly beloved, and he has the reputation of one of the best landlords in Ireland. Dublin Letter.

MR. CHARLES GREEN'S PROPOSITION TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A BALLOON.—Mr. C. Green has published the following statement of the grounds upon which he founds his assertion of the possibility of making a journey in a balloon from New York, across the Atlantic, to Europe. He states that balloons inflated with carburetted hydrogen, or common coal gas, will retain this fluid unimpaired in its buoyancy, and very slightly diminished in quantity, for a great length of time; whilst, on the contrary, the pure hydrogen is so subtile a gas, and capable of so great a degree of tenuity, as to escape through the imperceptible pores of the silk, whether prepared in the ordinary manner, or by means of dissolved India rubber. These facts are the result of observations made during 275 ascents; on many of these occasions a smaller balloon has been filled by a neighboring gas works, and has been brought a distance of five or six miles to fill that in which he intended to ascend, containing, in many instances, its contents nearly the same in quantity and quality for nearly a week. The aeronaut has travelled 2,900 miles with the same supply of gas, and could have continued its use for three months, if necessary. As to making a voyage from America to Europe, Mr. Green dates its possibility from the following facts:—On all occasions in which the balloons in which he or other aeronauts had gained an altitude beyond the lower current of air, or land breezes, they found one uniform current of air coming from the Atlantic, and blowing west, north-west, or west by north, whilst the under winds from different causes, were blowing from points completely at variance with the above; the ascent of the machine into these upper currents is perfectly easy, and the same altitude may be kept for an indefinite time with equal facility. In 1836, Mr. Green made a proposition at Paris to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, when he received a letter from Admiral Sir Sidney Smith confirming his observations as to the directions of upper currents, and in which that gallant officer states his conviction of the safety of the proposed undertaking, and his readiness to accompany the aeronaut from New York to Europe in his balloon. It must be kept in mind that a balloon is not borne along as is a ship by the force of the wind, having to overcome the impediment interposed by passing through a denser element like the water, but is a body lighter than the air itself in which it floats, and is wafted at the same speed as the air itself travels, as if it were part of the moving body. The wide expanse of sea offers no impediment to the undertaking, and a machine as large as the Nassau balloon could easily be fitted up for the reception of three persons, and victualled for three or four months if necessary. The machine could be lowered to the earth and ascend as often as it pleased the voyagers, by the adoption of the same plans as those used in the voyage to Germany. Mr Green, having established the facts of a current of air continually passing round the earth in the direction of west-northwest, the capability of his machine to retain the carburetted hydrogen gas for an unlimited time, and of its power of sustaining itself in the air for weeks—under these circumstances, and trusting to the faith he has always endeavored to keep with the public, as to claim their confidence on this occasion, offers to take upon himself to traverse the Atlantic from New York to England in a balloon to be constructed for that purpose, and that he will make the experiment without any reward for his exertions.

The following bit of choice Latinity is selected for the pleasure of the classical reader:—

LATEST DESPATCH FROM LORD BROUGHAM.

To the Editor of the Age.

ANTIGUUS GALLUS,—Quoniam omnes linteonum shopæ pueri Londinenses, qui nunc emissi sunt ad octavum horologii in nocte, colunt mentes, eorum, pendente vacatione, scribente quod censet esse Anglicum novellæ papyris, decet Domino, Christiano, Generosoque (quæ tres res ego sum, et damna oculos, meos, permitte me videre quemquam dubitantem id) scribere tibi Latiné. Sic hic it.

Quæ gehenna procellæ calcitrata-super fuit de me, nuper esse certum!—Nunquam mens id nunc. Dicam tibi quod ego feci in re. Quamprimum literæ dicentes me mortuum esse paratæ erant, ego incognitus ad Londinem veni.—"Sed nasus vester." Non doce proaviam vestram sugere ovos. Non abscidi nasum meum esse ultus super faciem meum, sed empsi larvam pro id. Bene. Imprimis ivi ad Castellum Windesorii, ubi vidi Melbournium, stantem ad portam culinæ, videntum cibaria, et percutentem formosam ancillam sub mento, et titillantem eam. Mea modestas horrificata erat, sed mox ad eum veni, et ordine ut incipiam conversationem urbaniter, postulavi—An matur sua lacerationis machinam vendiderat. Ad me videt ut diceret. Qui sanguineas hades es tu? Sed modo compressit nasum suum (olens sulphur) meque monuit secare baculum meum. Colloquium nostrum interruptum erat per novum dominum Ascendeaquilam, qui venit currens ex, et incepit saltare Jacobum Corvum similis bono uni.

Dum risimus, regina parva adveuit, et ingredit, et tunc qualis generans super scalas nunquam vidsitis. Omnes ascensimus, ego inter alios, in delineationis cubiculo, et ego clamavi BROUGHAM CABSUS EST. O meus oculus! quanta alanda! Regina subrisit, sed Melbournius salsit gaudio, donec discindit braccas ejus, quod spectaculum indecens, et novellæ meæ, fecerunt virgines honoris ridere donec * * * * eas. Parvum negotium faciet puellam ridere.—Sed Ganymedes dixit ut omnis fuit circum castoram suum, et rogavit quo modo scivi. Eram nimis joeosus dicere sapienter, sic dedi eum responsum evasivum, ac dixi eum postulare tergam meam. Hæc petitio provocavit magnam exclamationem, ut censeas, et ex ego cursi sicut diabolus calcitraverat antedicentem tergem.

Ad urbem reveniens, occurri Theodorum Hamum. Rogavi eum si matur sua novit ut erat ex. Recognovit me instanter. Recitavit me versum quod fuerat dicens ad Apparitorem Talfourdium circa certam formosam mimam, seu cantatricem, quam ultimus admirans erat. Unquam andisti? Hnc est.

"Sum pauper ancilla et rustica, amen!
Sed me juvenis non sibillarent,
Pro merda et strepitu unum foramen,
Alium habeo"—*sed cetera carent.*

Ignosce omissionem, reliquum conjectare poteris. Bene, adveni ad quadram Berkleii, ubi conveni centum nigros custodes, vel plus, fædo linteo, et horribilibus malis castoribus (omnes scribi novellæ papyri) interrogantes ancillam meam de me, et morte mea. Illa dixit ut nihil novit de me, sed parva felis dixit execratum mendacium, illa scit mea negocia optime. Justitia (et fiot justitia ruat cœlum, ut dicimus) ei est scibere ut est assidua puella, quæ lavat aream magistri ejus, et tenet lapides emundatos. Illa cito ostendit eos omnes ut habuerunt erroneam suem per aurem, et tenebant fœdatum finem baculi.

Sic ad prandium sedi, et obvium est igitur, ut non possem recordare aliquid alium ejus diei. Statim ad vos plus hilaritatis mei scribam.

Sum, carrissime Ætas,
Tuus, inextinctus,

Prid Kal. Nov. 1839. BROUGHAM ET AMBULAT.

MADELINA:

A ROMAN STORY, BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"I COMMAND you to see that graceless varlet, Joseppa, no more; no good can come to him, he has been a disobedient son, and is the talk of the whole village, for his idleness, and his insolence."

This was the prohibition of Giovanni Vitelli, one of the most affluent farmers in the neighbourhood of Albano, to his only child, Madelina, the pride and darling of his old age. Tears and imploring looks, were the only answer given to the stern mandate, by the gentle Madelina; but they produced more effect on the heart of her loving father, than the most eloquent appeal could have done. He pressed her to his breast, and, "My poor child!" broke from his lips, as he affectionately patted her glossy raven locks.

"Do not think that I would willingly pain you, my girl," said Giovanni.—"The Madona knows, how much it costs me to see these tears, and these poor pallid cheeks; but Joseppa is indeed unworthy of you, and a union with him can be productive only of misery and disgrace."

"Oh! my father, surely you judge him too severely," replied the weeping maiden; "idle, and unthinking, he may be, but his heart is not bad, and he may yet be recalled."

"Do not anger me, Madelina, by this weak defence. It is thus ever with you women; you fancy a man is never irreclaimable, as long as he affects to love you; and ye think, simpleton as ye are, that the heart cannot be a bad one, wherein ye fancy yourself treasured. Would a good heart have allowed its owner to indulge in follies, nay, worse than follies—crimes, until his ill conduct brought his poor mother to her grave?"

"But Joseppa repents his evil doings, indeed he does, dear father."

"And shows his repentance," interrupted Giovanni, "by total neglect of his little farm, and continual wanderings among the mountains, where if rumour is to be believed, he has formed some most discreditable and dangerous alliances. Even our good pastor told me—"

"Oh! what did he say, my father? he who is so good, so merciful?" said Medelina, her cheeks becoming deadly pale. "Has *he* too pronounced against Joseppa?"

"He has warned me that this reckless youth is pursuing desperate courses, that he has been seen holding stealthy converse with men of whom nothing but evil is known; and that he is out night after night, no one *knows* exactly where, but every one *suspects*, for no honest purpose."

Little did the father or the daughter imagine, that he who was the object of their conversation, was a listener to it, or the thirst for vengeance which it awakened in his breast. Joseppa had been hovering round the cottage, to see Madelina, and through the open window had heard the whole discourse. Some days elapsed, during which Madelina saw or heard nothing of Joseppa, and she formed the resolution of adopting the advice of her father, to whom she was fondly attached. But though she could not even entertain the idea of ultimately giving up Joseppa, without tears of anguish and heartfelt pangs, still she resolved never to destroy the happiness of her only parent, by persevering in encouraging a suitor, whom he so much disapproved.

"No, my father," would the affectionate girl ejaculate to herself, when alone, "your Madelina will never desert you, or leave your hearth lonely; you have lost the dear partner who made your life, and mine too, happy, and your child will never cause you a pang."

Every recurrence to her mother, whom she had followed to the grave two years before, softened the heart of Madelina, and rendered her more devoted to her remaining parent; yet her passion for Joseppa was still unsubdued, for the poor girl thought, with the sophistry of youthful minds, that, so long as she refused to join her fate with Joseppa's, she could injure no one by allowing his image to retain its place in her heart. She carefully avoided all the haunts where she had been accustomed to meet her lover, though the effort cost her many a sigh, and many a longing, lingering glance did she cast from the door of the cottage to see if he was hovering nigh.

Ten nights after the prohibition of her father to see Joseppa, she was awaked from her slumber by a gentle tap at her window. How did the heart of Madelina palpitate at the well known sound! Yet her good resolution of not seeing him was remembered, and she moved not. The tap was now repeated more loudly, and fearful that her father might also hear it, she arose and opened the casement.

"Cruel Madelina," said Joseppa, "how many days have I lingered about the cottage in the hope of seeing you! I am a fool to love you thus, when you, ungrateful that you are, love me no longer."

"Oh, Joseppa! how can you say so: you know how dear you are to me, and what sorrow it gives me not to see you; but my father has forbidden it, and even in speaking to you now, I am disobeying his commands."

"And know you not *why* he has used this tyranny?" asked the lover with a scornful smile.

"Alas! too well," was the answer. "Your neglect of your farm, your recklessness, your frequent wanderings in the mountains, and worse than all—oh, Joseppa! the intimacy you are said to have formed with wicked men, whom all dread. These are the reasons why my father separates us."

"You are his dupe, I tell you," said the wily Joseppa. "All that he asserts is untrue, and only invented as an excuse to prejudice you against me, that he may accomplish his project of marrying you to the rich dotard, Thomaso."

"What do I hear!" uttered the alarmed Madelina: "but no—it is impossible; my father could not be so cruel—no, Joseppa, I cannot believe it."

"I knew you would not," replied he, with a scornful smile; "no, it is only of *me* that you are disposed to believe evil, and no tale is too improbable for your credulity. You will never credit your father's plans until he has commanded you to receive the disgusting dotard as your husband, and then you are, forsooth, too dutiful a daughter to dispute his orders. But I waste time in attempting to remove the bandage from your eyes. Adieu, faithless Madelina! May you be happy, while I—" and he moved away, as if overpowered by his emotions.

"Stay, in pity stay, dear Joseppa! you wrong me, indeed you do! I love you as truly as ever, and the Madonna knows how much I have suffered in obeying my father, and avoiding your presence."

"Can you forget," resumed Joseppa, "how many times you have vowed to be mine? how often, when I have brought chaplets of flowers to hang on your window, have you flown to this casement, which to-night you opened so reluctantly, and allowed me to entwine your pretty fingers with flowers from the chaplet; but I see you are changed, Madelina."

"No, no," replied the poor girl, softened by his appeal to past hours; "I still love you!"

"Well, then, prove it to me," said Joseppa, "by letting me come here to-morrow. Your father is going to Rome to sell some sheep, he will be absent all day, and we shall be able to converse without interruption, perhaps, for the last time. Your future husband goes with him to Rome, to arrange every thing for your marriage; for I saw them last evening in deep consultation with the pastor, and I am sure all is settled.

A noise in the chamber drew the alarmed Madelina's attention, and she shrank with superstitious dread, when she saw the lamp that burned before the Madonna, flaring with such force against the glass of the picture that it cracked it in many pieces.

"Behold!" said the affrighted girl. "What an unlucky omen—the gift of my poor dear mother, offered up at my birth, is destroyed! Oh! Joseppa, this misfortune arises in my disobedience towards my father," and tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"See you not," said Joseppa, "that the picture was destroyed exactly at the moment that I was telling you that they were arranging your marriage with Thomaso? The Madonna then gave you this intimation that she would abandon you, if you consent to form that hateful alliance. Depend on it, this is the real meaning of the omen, which can have no evil consequences, if you remain true to your vows with me. But I must away;—to-morrow, when they are gone, I shall be here. Until then, *adio Madelina mia!*" and he was out of sight ere she could utter the refusal she meant to give to receiving his visit.

Madelina passed a sleepless night, the consciousness of having disobeyed her father filled her with remorse, but the idea even of a marriage with Thomaso, alarmed her beyond measure.

When she met her father next morning, she for the first time dared scarcely lift her eyes to his. Her embarrassment, added to her pale cheeks and heavy eyes, led Giovanni to believe that she was unwell, and drew from him many expressions of affection and endearment, as he pressed her to his breast, and blessed her, as his sole comfort. She was ready to throw herself at her father's feet and avow her disobedience, when the voice of old Thomaso, calling out to know if he was ready, prevented the movement; and Giovanni again blessing her, with even more than his accustomed fondness, hurried away to join his friend.

She stood at the door, and watched the receding figure of her father, his white locks floated round his ruddy face, and thrice as he turned to look back at Madelina, and waved his hand affectionately to her, she was tempted to call him back, and thus avert the meeting with Joseppa. She left not the door, until her parent's figure was lost in the distance; and when she entered the cottage, she wept as if her parting with him was to be one of long duration, instead of, as she imagined, a few brief hours.

Joseppa came not until noon; and when he entered, seemed agitated and alarmed. He accounted for it, by stating that he had ascertained the certainty of the plan of Madelina's being immediately forced into a marriage with Thomaso; and by his wily representations persuaded the simple girl that her only chance of escape rested on eloping with him. His passionate remonstrances and entreaties, won on her gentle nature; but it was not until he had repeatedly assured her, that when they should be married her father would relent, and receive them back with all his former affection, that she consented to fly with him.

While she was making the few necessary preparations, her unprincipled lover was not idle. He, by the assistance of an instrument with which he had provided himself, forced the lock of the coffer in which Giovanni kept his money, and took possession of its contents, carefully concealing his turpitude from his innocent and hapless dupe. He had prepared a horse on which he placed Madelina behind him, who left the happy home of her infancy with many tears and blessings, breathed for the father she was deserting. Their route led by the churchyard, where the mother of the weeping girl was interred, and her tears streamed afresh as she beheld the white cross with its chaplet of faded flowers, that marked the humble grave.

"Let us stop, dear Joseppa, for never have I hitherto passed this spot, without offering up my prayers for the repose of the soul of her who was so dear to me; of her, who is perhaps now looking down with sorrow on her unworthy child."

"No! it is impossible for us to stop," replied Joseppa; "soon, very soon, dear Madelina, we shall return here after we are united at the altar, and then we will invoke a blessing on our union, from the spirit of the departed. To remain now, would be to expose ourselves to the observation and evil tongues of all who might see us; therefore we must advance."

So saying Joseppa urged forward his horse, while the trembling and weeping girl clung to him, her heart divided by feelings that absorbed every other, regret and remorse at deserting her parent, and love, passionate love, for him with whom she was flying.

"When my father returns, and finds no Madelina to welcome and embrace him," would she say to her lover, "how bitter will be his disappointment?"

"And when the dotard Thomaso finds no young bride awaiting him, how angry will he be!" would Joseppa reply; well aware that, only by sustaining this hateful image in her mind, he could silence the remorse that was already inflicting its pangs on her heart; for, fondly as she loved Joseppa, never would she have fled with him, had he not taught her to believe that her father was determined on forcing her to wed old Thomaso—an idea that, it is scarcely necessary to say, had never once entered into her parent's head.

They stopped not until they had reached Velletri, where the marriage-ceremony was petrormed, and whence Madelina proposed that they should despatch a messenger to announce the event to her father, and demand his permission to return. This wish being complied with, she fondly resigned herself to the happiness of the present, and to the sanguine anticipations of the future.

The affectionate bride now gave expression to all those terms of endearment that maiden modesty had hitherto restrained; and as she drew her fingers through the dark curly locks of her husband, and looked with eyes beaming with love in his face, she whispered that the presence only of her father was necessary, to render her the happiest creature on earth. She observed with a chagrin, that threw a damp over her spirits, that every allusion to her parent seemed to displease Joseppa; and having gently reproached him for it, he told her that he was jealous at finding that she thought so much more frequently of another than of him, and that *his* presence could not suffice to make her happy.

This excuse reassured her, and pressing his hands within hers, she replied, "Oh, Joseppa, when with my father, how often did I reproach myself for being insensible to his affection, and thinking only of you! and now, that you are mine, that nothing but death can separate us, forgive me, that his dear image is so continually present to my imagination. But we shall soon be with him, and then this heart will have only place for happiness; for with a husband so loved, and so dear a father, I cannot experience a care."

Could Madelina have known what was passing through the mind of her husband during such conversations, how would she have shrunk from his embraces, and recoiled with horror from the hands she now pressed to her heart, with all the fondness of an adoring bride!

The next day the messenger returned from Albano bringing the fearful intelligence that Madelina no longer had a father. He, and old Thomaso, who had accompanied him on the route to Rome, to dispose of the product of their joint farms, had been robbed and murdered on the road; and the soldiers were sent in the mountains in search of the brigands, who were supposed to have committed the deed.

To describe the anguish of the unfortunate Madelina would be impossible. She accused herself in bitter terms, as having caused this misfortune, by abandoning her home; and drew forth sullen reproaches from her husband, when his representations, that whether she was in the cottage near Albano, or on the route to Velletri, the murder would equally have been committed, had failed to convince her that her flight had nothing to do with the fatal event. She insisted on returning immediately, that she might see all that remained to her of her parent; and urged it with such passionate entreaties, that Joseppa yielded an unwilling assent, evidently actuated by the suspicious looks of the persons around, who seemed to regard his unwillingness with surprise. The violence of Madelina's grief, drew more of sullenness than of sympathy, from her unfeeling husband.

"Do you not still possess me?" would he say, but in a tone that expressed more of reproach than consolation, while the wretched woman could think only of the father she had lost, and who died by an assassin's dagger.

"I was happy and smiling, while they murdered him!" she continued to exclaim. "Oh, father! dear father! little did I think when you thrice turned to look at me, as I stood at the cottage door, that I should never see you again. Had they no pity for your gray hairs? those dear venerable locks that I have so often kissed."

The sternness of Joseppa repelled his unhappy wife from weeping on his breast, or seeking his sympathy; and now for the first time came the painful conviction that never should she find in him one who would fondly share and strive to alleviate any of the afflictions of life that might befall her.

"If," she exclaimed, "while only a few hours his bride, he can thus see my anguish unmoved, nor partake my sorrow for the dearest, best of parents, he can have no heart! Oh! my father, you warned me, but I was deaf to your council—the last you ever gave to your miserable child."

Before Madelina and her husband had arrived at the cottage near Albano, the bodies of her father and Thomaso had been interred. This event which increased her grief, as she had counted on once more beholding the venerable face she was now doomed to see no more on earth, seemed to gratify Joseppa, who made some unfeeling reflections on the inutility of giving way to sorrow, or on desiring to view an object that must shock her already agitated mind. The neighbors flocked round to try and speak comfort to Madelina, and their soothing kindness formed such a contrast to the sullenness of Joseppa, that it be-

came doubly painful to her. All the wealth that the father of Madelina left was now Joseppa's; and thus put into possession of the means of a comfortable subsistence, for a short time he seemed inclined to attend to rural occupations, and to busy himself in plans for improving his farm. During this brief period, the passionate grief of his wife subsided into a settled melancholy; but her affection for him became still more deep. It was true she saw, and marked with anguish, his selfishness, his utter recklessness of all but his own gratification, yet still she clung to him with a fondness and devotion resulting from the genuine affection of her nature, which lavished the pure treasure of its feelings on this, the first object that awakened them into life. Yet the intensity of her attachment rendered her more feelingly alive to his want of the qualities that would have ensured her a return of her sentiments, and secured the happiness that was still a stranger to her breast, which yearned for sympathy and companionship.

No tidings had yet been received of any discovery of the assassins of her parent, though the papal government had offered large rewards for their apprehension, and solders were continually sent into the mountains in search of them. Month after month rolled away, and Madelina was now like'y to be soon a mother; this circumstance, which she fondly expected would have led to an increased kindness on the part of her husband, seemed to displease rather than to gratify him, and all the woman and the wife was wounded by his rude observations on the subject.

About this period she awoke one night, and found with alarm that Joseppa was no longer by her side. She arose, and having wrapped herself in a cloak, advanced to the door in time to discern the receding figures of two men muffled up in mantles, parting from Joseppa, who was approaching the house. When he saw her he seemed transported with rage, and exclaimed, "What! can I not leave the house even for a few minutes without you pursuing me as a spy? I command you never again to follow me; for I repeat, I will not be watched!"

The heart of poor Madeline trembled at the stern unkindness of her husband, and she shrunk back alarmed at the severity of his glance. A new cause for uneasiness was now furnished to this unhappy woman, by observing that her neighbors no longer sought her cottage as formerly to chat away an evening hour. When they met her unaccompanied by her husband, they were as kind and friendly as in past times; nay, she even fancied there was an air of pity in their manner towards her, which led her to conclude that they were aware of Joseppa's harshness.

But when *he* was with her, they passed rapidly on, merely exchanging a word or smile of recognition, and seeming nervously anxious to avoid him. He too observed this repugnance, and many were the half-uttered menaces with which he marked his sense of it.

He now frequently disappeared for whole days, and such was the sternness of his looks and manner, that Madelina dared not question him on the subject.

At length she became the mother of a male infant, and not only did she feel towards the babe all the tenderness that was peculiar to her affectionate heart, but its birth seemed to increase the enthusiastic fondness she bore towards its father; while he scarcely noticed the infant, and to Madelina's repeated appeals to him as to its beauty, sullenly replied, that for his part he "saw nothing remarkable in it, and thought it was like all other infants, very plain, and much given to crying." How did the heart of the youthful mother feel wounded at such moments! And yet all this unkindness failed to alienate her love from her unworthy husband.

The Curé of Albano sent one day to desire Joseppa to go to him. The message evidently produced considerable agitation in him, and he seemed most reluctant to comply with it. After some hesitation he went; and, on his return, Madelina observed that his brow wore a more threatening aspect than ever, and that some evil passion was struggling in his heart. He muttered broken sentences to himself, clenched his teeth, while his eyes shot forth gleams of ungovernable fury, and to her request to be informed of what the curé wanted with him, he imperiously replied by a command to question him no more.

On that night a tap at the window caught the attention of Madelina, as she lay on her sleepless couch, revolving in her mind what could be the subject of the curé's interview with her husband. He too heard it, and arose gently from the bed, casting a look at her, as if to be assured that she slept. He left the house with noiseless steps, and returned not until day was already dawning. He passed the greater part of the day in bed, saying that he was indisposed, and when the shades of night fell over the earth, he left his home, telling his wife that he should be absent for a day or two. The second day of his absence, Madelina was no less surprised than alarmed by a band of soldiers entering her cottage, and searching it minutely in search of Joseppa.

"Of what—oh! of what is he accused?" asked the trembling wife; a fearful presentiment of his having committed some crime having connected itself in her mind with his secret interviews with the strange men at night, and his frequent absence.

"Know you not that the good Curé of Albano was murdered yesterday," replied one of the soldiers, "and that your husband is—"

"Hush!" said the commander of the party, "we are not here to answer questions, or to explain the motives of our visit. Prepare yourself to accompany us to Rome, for we must convey you to prison."

"To prison! Oh, Mother of God! what have I done?" shrieked the unfortunate Madelina. I am innocent, indeed I am innocent!" And she threw herself at the feet of the soldiers. At this moment some of the neighbors came in, and taking pity on her misery, entreated the soldiers to let her remain in the cottage.

"She is good and simple," said they, "and never did any thing wrong, except in marrying her wicked husband."

The soldiers having no orders to arrest her, consented to let her remain, and set out in pursuit of Joseppa and his accomplices. One or two of the most kind and charitable of her neighbors offered to stay with her during the night; but she declined their offer, under the plea that she was so fatigued and exhausted, that she required rest, and would immediately retire to her couch.

When they had all left the cottage, the unfortunate Madelina determined to go into the mountains in search of her husband, to apprize him of the pursuit of which he was the object. In which direction to go she knew not, and must trust to Providence for directing her steps to him. In the cottage she could not stay, while his danger was every moment presenting itself to her imagination in the most terrific forms. No! she would seek him out, and warn him of the peril that menaced him, even though death should be her fate. She looked around at the little room, in which the happy days of her childhood had been passed. Each homely article of furniture, endeared to her by long use, was identified with the memory of her lost parents. There stood the old armchair, in which her father had been wont to recline after the labors of the day; and the rosary of her mother, which she had so often seen her pray with, hung on the same hook that supported the Madonna, before which its accustomed lamp was burning. She fancied that the picture looked at her with a countenance of pity, and she threw herself on her knees before it in supplication.

"Harshness—neglect—all, all, I could have borne without a murmur," sobbed Madelina, "for I felt I deserved it, for violating the commands of my father; but that the breast on which this head has lain, should be the abode of crime, and the hands these lips have kissed, be stained with blood. Oh! it is too, too terrible, and chills me with horror! But no, I will not believe it, my child, my child," looking at her infant, who was calmly sleeping, "thy father cannot be an assassin."

She wrapped her babe carefully in a warm shawl, and securing it on her back, threw a cloak over her, and with noiseless step stole from the cottage, and pursued a wild path that led to Monte Cavo to the most steep of the neighboring mountains. Every noise alarmed her, and every shadow startled; yet she advanced rapidly, the hope of saving her husband giving fleetness to her steps, and courage to her trembling heart. The moon rose in unclouded majesty, tinging all around with its silvery light, and as she gained the acclivity of the mountain, the country, for a vast extent, stood exposed to view. There was a calmness in the air, and the scene; that offered a marked contrast to the tumultuous agitation of her feelings, and as she paused to rest her weary limbs, and supply her infant with the genial nourishment which, with feeble cries, it had been demanding for the last half hour, a deep melancholy seemed to replace the terrors of the previous moment. But who can picture the despair of the wretched mother, when she found that no longer could her bosom furnish sustenance to the parched lips of her infant, whose cries penetrated to her very soul! The terror and agitation of the last few hours had produced this effect, and her courage failed before it. She arose from the bank on which she had seated herself, and with trembling limbs pursued her course, endeavoring to stop the cries of her child, by pressing her lips to its, while her burning tears fell on its innocent face.

She was nearly sinking to the earth from fatigue, when her eys fell on some glistening object, moving in a copse of wood, at some distance; and before she had time to ascertain what it was, she found herself surrounded by four men, whose dress and arms too well explained their profession, to leave her in doubt. One of them shook her rudely by the arm, and demanded her name, and why she was there; while another made some coarse remark on her personal attractions, adding, that she would be a desirable acquisition for their cavern.

Her terror almost deprived her of speech, and her child, who had been awakened from the slumber into which exhaustion had thrown it, soon began to cry, its wail increasing the agony of its wretched mother.

A whistle was now heard from a distance, which being answered by one of the brigands, who surrounded Madelina, two more of the party joined them, and in one of the new comers, the unhappy woman discovered her guilty husband, in a brigand's dress. He seemed for a moment confused at being thus detected; but quickly recovering himself, he sternly demanded why she had presumed to follow him. A few hurried words had hardly told him of his danger, when another brigand ran up to the group in breathless haste, and informed them that a formidable party of soldiers were advancing, to whom, from their great superiority of numbers, resistance would be vain, and that immediate flight or concealment among the underwood, was the only chance of escape that remained. The brigands dispersed, and fled in different directions; Joseppa throwing a dark cloak over his shoulders, desired Madelina to follow his steps, while he rapidly sought a tangled maze of shrubs in the forest, where they might evade the search of their pursuers. They reached the spot, and he, with his gun separated the branches, beneath which he concealed himself and his wife, commanding her not to move.

The voices of the soldiers were now heard in the distance, and she clung to the side of Joseppa in breathless terror, feeling only alive to his danger, and totally regardless of her own. At this moment, while the footsteps of the soldiers were heard approaching nearer and nearer, the hapless child resumed its cries. Madelina felt the hand of her husband grasp the child, its wailing ceased in one instant; and their pursuers, led to the spot by the cries of the infant, were in the next, beating the bushes with their bayonets. One of them inflicted a deep wound on the arm of Madelina, but no cry, no murmur escaped her, her child was only pressed closer to her breast, as her warm blood flowed over it. A second bayonet wounded Joseppa, and his involuntary movement discovered them. They were dragged forth amidst the shouts and execrations of the soldiers; but their violence was less appalling to Madelina, than the maledictions with which Joseppa greeted her; when with eyes glowing with fury and malice, he fiercely accused her of being the sole cause of his detection. Some hard blows from the soldiers, who were manacling his arms, betrayed their sense of his barbarity; but she threw herself between them and him, imploring them not to injure him.

And now it was that Madelina turned her eyes on her child;—but, oh, heaven! who can paint her despair and horror, when the moonbeams falling on its face, showed her its countenance, blackened and disfigured, and she felt that she held a corpse in her arms! The savage and unnatural father, to silence its cries—had strangled it!

Joseppa was conveyed a prisoner to Rome, where, being convicted of the murder of the curé, and also of having assassinated the father of his wife, and old Thomaso, he paid the penalty of his guilt, with his life. Madelina's reason never recovered the fearful shock it had sustained on discovering the death of her child; and she has ever since been the inmate of a madhouse, whence her gentleness, and uncomplaining melancholy, have won the pity of all.

New Monthly Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

Titmouse continued in what he doubtless imagined to be a devout frame of mind, for several minutes after quitting the church at the door of which I left him. But close by the aforesaid church, the devil had a thriving little establishment, in the shape of a cigar-shop; in which a showily dressed young Jewess sat behind the counter, right underneath a glaring gas-light—with a thin stripe of greasy velvet across her forehead, and long ringlets that rested on her shoulders—bandying slang with two or three other such puppies as Titmouse and Huckaback. The friends entered and purchased a cigar a-piece, which they lit on the spot; and after each of them had exchanged an impudent wink with the Jewess, out they went, puffing away—all the remains of their piety! When they had come to the end of their cigars they parted, each speeding homeward. Titmouse, on reaching his lodgings, sunk into profound depression. He felt an awful conviction that his visit to the cigar-shop had entirely spoiled the effect of his previous attendance at the church, and that, if so disposed, he might now sit and whistle for his ten thousand a-year. Thoughts such as these drove him nearly distracted. If, indeed, he had foreseen having to go through such another week as the one just over, I think it not impossible that before the arrival of the ensuing Sunday, Mr Titmouse might have afforded a little employment to that ancient but gloomy functionary, a coroner and his jury. At that time, however, inquests of this sort were matter of fact and melancholy affairs enough; which I doubt not would have been rather a *dissuasive* from suicide, in the estimation of one who might be supposed ambitious of the *eclat* of a modern inquest; where, indeed, such strange antics are played by certain new performers as would suffice to revive the corpse, (if it were a corpse that had ever had a spark of sense or spirit in it,) and make it kick the coroner out of the room. But to one of so high an ambition as Tittlebat Titmouse, how delightful would it not have been to anticipate becoming (what had been quite impracticable during life) the object of public attention after his death—by means of a flaming dissertation by the coroner upon his own zeal and spirit—the nature and extent of his rights, powers, and duties;—when high doctors are brow-beaten, the laws set at defiance, and public decency plucked by the beard, and the torn and bleeding hearts of surviving relatives still further agonized by an exposure, all quivering under the recent stroke, to the gaping vulgar! Indeed, I sometimes think that the object of certain coroners, now-a-days, is twofold—first, public—to disgust people with suicide, by showing what horrid proceedings will take place over their carcasses; and secondly, private—to get the means of studying anatomy by *post mortems*, which the said coroner never could procure in his own practice; which enables us to account for some things one has lately seen, viz., that if a man come to his death by means of a waggon crushing his legs, the coroner institutes an exact examination of the *lungs* and *heart*. I take it to be now getting into a rule—the propriety whereof, some people think, cannot be doubted—namely, that bodies ought now to be opened only to prove that they ought not to have been opened; an inquest must be held, in order to demonstrate that it need not have been held, except that certain fees thereby find their way into the pocket of the aforesaid coroner, which would otherwise not have done so. In short, such a coroner as I have in my eye may be compared to a great ape squatting on a corpse, furiously chattering and spitting at all around it; and I am glad that it hath at last had wit enough first to *shut the door* before proceeding to its horrid tricks.

Touching the *moral* of suicide, it is a way which some have of *cutting* the Gordian knot of the difficulties of life; which having been done, possibly the very first thing that is made manifest to the spirit, after taking its mad leap in the dark, is, how very easily the said knot might have been UNTIED; nay, that it was *on the very point* of being untied, if the impatient spirit had stayed only a moment longer:—a dismal discovery, which may excite ineffable grief at the folly and horror of the crime of which such spirit has been guilty. But ah! it is too late! The triumphant fiend has secured his victim. I said it was not *impossible* that Mr. Titmouse might, under the circumstances alluded to, have done the deed which has called forth the above very natural and profound reflexions; but, upon the whole, it is hardly *probable*, for he knew that by doing so he would (first) irreparably injure society, by depriving it of an enlightened and invaluable member; (secondly,) inflict great indignity on his precious body, of which, during life, he had always taken the most affectionate care, by securing for it a burial in a cross road, at night time, with a stake run through it, and, moreover, peril the little soul that had just leaped out of it, by not having any burial service said over his aforesaid remains; and (lastly) lose all chance of enjoying Ten Thousand a-Year—at least upon earth. I own I was a little startled (as I daresay was the reader) at a passage of mournful significance in Mr. Titmouse's last letter to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, viz. "How full of trouble I am, *often thinking of death*, which is the end of every thing;" but on carefully considering the context, I am disposed to think that the whole was only a device of Titmouse's, either to rouse the fears, or stimulate the feelings, or excite the hopes, of the three arbiters of his destiny, to whom it was addressed. Mr. Gammon, he thought, might be moved to pity; while Mr. Quirk would probably be operated upon by fears, lest the sad contingency pointed at might deprive the house of one who would richly repay their exertions; and by hopes of indefinite advantage, if they could by any means prevent its happening. I have often questioned Titmouse on the subject, but he would only wink his eye, and say that he "knew *what to be at*" as well as any one! That these gentlemen *did* keenly scrutinize, and carefully weigh every expression in that letter, ridiculous as it was, and contemptible as, I fear, it showed its writer to be, is certain; but it did not occur to them to compare with it, at least, the spirit and intention of their own answer to it. Did the latter document contain less cunning and insincerity, because it was couched in somewhat superior phraseology? They could conceal their selfish and over-reaching designs, while poor Titmouse exposed all his little mean-mindedness and hypocrisy, simply because he had not learned to conceal it effectually. 'Twas indeed a battle for the very same object, but between unequal combatants.—Each was trying to take the other in. If Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap despised and loathed the man to whom they exhibited such anxious courtesy, Titmouse hated and feared those whom his interests compelled him for a while to conciliate. Was there, in fact, a pin to choose between them—except, perhaps, that Titmouse was, in a manner, excused by his necessities? But, in the meanwhile, his circumstances were becoming utterly desperate. He continued to endure great suffering at Mr. Tag-rag's during the day—the constant butt of the ridicule and insult of his amiable companions, and the victim of his employer's vile spirit of hatred and oppression. His spirit, (such as it was,) in short, was very nearly broken. Though he seized every opportunity that offered to enquire for another situation, he was unsuccessful; for all whom he applied to spoke of the *strict character* they should require, "before taking a new hand into their establishment." His occupation at nights, after quitting the shop was twofold only—either to call upon Huckaback, (whose sympathy, however, he was exhausting rapidly,) or solace his feelings by walking down to Saffron Hill, and lingering about the closed office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—there was a kind of gratification even in that! He once or twice felt flustered even on catching a glimpse of the old housekeeper returning from some little errand. How he would have rejoiced to get into her good graces, and accompany her even into the kitchen—when he would be in the premises, and conversing with one of the establishment of those who he believed could, with a stroke of their pens, turn this wilderness of a world into a paradise for him! But he dared not make any overtures in that quarter, for fear of their getting to the notice of the dreaded Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

* A very learned person tells me that this mode of treating the remains of a *felo de se*, though prevailing at the time when the events occurred which are above narrated, was soon afterwards (*i. e.* on the 8th July 1823) abolished by Act of Parliament.

At length, no more than three or four shillings stood between him and utter destitution; and the only person in the world whom he could apply to for even the most trivial assistance, was Huckaback—whom, however, he knew to be scarcely any better off than himself; and whom, moreover, he felt to be treating him more and more coldly, as the week wore on without his hearing of any the least tidings from Saffron Hill. Huckaback evidently felt now scarcely any interest or pleasure in the visits of his melancholy friend, and was plainly disinclined to talk about his affairs. At length he quite turned up his nose with disgust, whenever Titmouse took out the well-worn note of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, which was almost dropping in pieces with being constantly carried about in his pocket, taken in and out, and folded and unfolded, for the purpose of conning over its contents, as if there might yet linger in it some hitherto undiscovered source of consolation. Poor Titmouse, therefore, looked at it on every such occasion with as eager and vivid an interest as ever; but it was glanced at by Huckaback with a half-averted eye, and a cold, drawling, yawning "Ya—a—as—I see—I—dare—say!" As his impressions of Titmouse's bright prospects were thus being rapidly effaced, his smarting recollection of the drubbing he had received became distincter and more frequent; his feelings of resentment more lively, and not the less so, because the expression of them had been stifled, (while he had considered the star of Titmouse to be in the ascendant,) till the time for setting them into motion and action had gone by. In fact, the presence of Titmouse, suggesting such thoughts and recollections, became intolerable to Huckaback; and Titmouse's perceptions, (dull as they naturally were, but a little quickened by recent suffering, gave him more and more distinct notice of this circumstance, at the precise time when he meditated applying for the loan of a few shillings. These feelings made him as humble towards Huckaback, and as patient of his increasing rudeness and ill-humor, as he felt abject towards Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; for, unless he could succeed in wringing some trifling loan from Huckaback, (if he really had it in his power to advance him *any thing*,) he could not conjecture what was to become of him. Various faint but unadroit hints and feelers of his had been thrown away; for Huckaback either did not or could not comprehend them. But at length a sudden and fearful pressure compelled him to speak out. Gripe, the collector, called one morning for the poor's rates due from Mrs. Squallop, (Titmouse's landlady,) and cleaned her out of every penny of ready money which she had by her. This threw the good woman upon her resources, to replenish her empty pocket—and down she came upon Titmouse—or rather, up she went to him; for his heart sunk within him one night on his return from the shop, having only just taken off his hat and lit his candle, as he heard the fat old termagant's well-known heavy step ascending the stairs, and approaching nearer and nearer to his door. Her loud imperative single knock vibrated through his heart, and he was ready to drop.

"Oh, Mrs. Squallop! How d'ye do, Mrs. Squallop?" commenced Titmouse, faintly, when he had opened the door; "Won't you take a chair?" offering the panting dame almost the only chair he had.

"No—I ain't come to stay, Mr. Titmouse, because, d'ye see, in coorse you've got a pound at least, ready for me, as you promised long ago—and never more welcome; there's old Gripe been here to-day, and had his hodious rates—(drat the poor, say I! them as can't work should starve!—rates is a robbery!)—but howsomdever he's cleaned me out to day; so, in coorse, I come up to *you*. Got it?"

"I—I—I—'pon my life, Mrs Squallop, I'm uncommon sorry"——

"Oh, bother your sorrow, Mr Titmouse!—out with the needful, for I can't stop palavering here."

"I—I can't, so help me ——!" gasped Titmouse, with the calmness of desperation.

"You can't! And, marry, sir, why not, may I make bold to ask?" enquired Mrs Squallop, after a moment's pause, striving to choke down her rage.

"P'r'aps you can get blood out of a stone, Mrs Squallop; it's what I can't," replied Titmouse, striving to screw his courage up to the sticking place, to encounter one who was plainly bent upon mischief. "I've got two shillings—there they are," throwing them on the table; "and cuss me if I've another rap in the world; there, ma'am!"

"You're a liar, then, that's flat!" exclaimed Mrs Squallop, slapping her hand upon the table, with a violence that made the candle quiver on it, and almost fall down. "You have the *himperance*," said she, commencing the address she had been preparing in her own mind ever since Mr Gripe had quitted her house, "to stand there and tell me you've got nothing in the world but them *two shillings!* Heugh! Out on you, you oudacious fellow!—you jack-a-dandy! You tell me you haven't got more than them two shillings, and yet turn out every Sunday morning of your life like a lord, with your pins, your rings, and your chains, and your fine coat, and your gloves, and your spurs, and your dandy cane—ough! you whipper-snapper! You're a cheat—you're a swindler, jack-a-dandy! You've got all my rent on your back, and have had every Sunday for three months, you cheat!—you low fellow!—you ungrateful chap! You're a robbing the widow and fatherless! Look at me, and my six fatherless children down there, you good-for-nothing, nasty, proud puppy!—eugh! it makes me sick to see you. *You* dress yourself out like my lord mayor! You've bought a gold chain with my rent, you rascally cheat? *You* dress yourself out?—Ha, ha!—you're a nasty, mean-looking, humpty-dumpty, carroty-headed"——

"You'd better not say *that* again, Mrs Squallop."

"Not say it again!—ha, ha! Hoighty-toighty, carroty-haired jack-a-dandy!—why, you hop o-my-thumb! d'ye think I won't say whatever I choose, and in my own house? You're a Titmouse by name and by nature; there ain't a cockroach crawling down stairs that ain't more respectable-like and better behaved than you. You're a himpudent cheat, and dandy, and knave, and a liar, and a red-haired rascal—and that in your teeth! Ough! Your name stinks in the court. You're a-taking of every body in as will trust you to a penny's amount. There's poor old Cox, the tailor, with a sick wife and children, whom you've cheated this many months, all of his not having spirit to summons you! But *I'll* set him upon you; you see if I don't—and I'll have my own, too, or I wouldn't give *that* for the laws!" shouted Mrs Squallop, at the same time snapping her fingers in his face, and then pausing for breath after her eloquent invective.

"Now, what *is* the use," said Titmouse, gently, being completely cowed—"now, what good *can* it do to go on in this way, Mrs Squallop?"

"Missus me no Missus, Mr Titmouse, but pay me my rent, you jack-a-dandy! You've got my rent on your back and on your little fingers; and I'll have it off you before I've done with you, I warrant you. I'm your landlady, and I'll sell you up; I'll have old Thumbscrew here the first thing in the morning, and distrain every thing, and you, too, you jack-daw, if any one would buy you, which they won't! I'll have my rent at last; I've been too easy with you, you ungrateful chap; for, mark, even Mr Gripe this morning says, 'haven't you a gentleman lodger up above? get him to pay you your own,' says he; and so I will. I'm sick of all this, and I'll have my rights! Here's my son, Jem, a far better-looking chap than you, though he *hasn't* got hair like a mop all under his chin, and he's obligated to work from one week's end to another in a paper cap and fustian jacket; and you—you painted jackanapes! But now I have got you, and I'll turn you inside out, though I know there's nothing in you! But I'll try to get at your fine coats, and spurs, and trowsers, your chains and pins, and make something of them before I've done with you, you jack-a-dandy!"—and the virago shook her fist at him, looking as though she had not yet uttered even half that was in her heart towards him.

[Alas, alas, unhappy Titmouse, much-enduring son of sorrow! I perceive that you now feel the sharpness of an angry female tongue; and indeed to me, not in the least approving, of the many coarse and heart-splitting expressions which she uses, it seems nevertheless that she is not very far off the mark in much that she hath said; for, in truth, in your conduct there is not a little that to me, piteously inclined towards you as I am, yet appeareth obnoxious to the edge of this woman's reproaches. But think not, O bewildered and not-with-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things Titmouse! that she hath only a sharp and bitter tongue. In this woman behold a mother, and it may be that she will soften before you, who have plainly, as I hear, neither father nor mother. Oh me!]

Titmouse trembled violently; his lips quivered; and the long pent-up tears forced their way at length over his eyelids, and fell fast down his cheeks.

"Ah, you may well cry!—you may! But it's too late!—it's my turn to cry now! Don't you think that I feel for my own flesh and blood, that is my six children? And isn't what's mine theirs? And aren't you keeping the fatherless out of their own? It's too bad of you—it is! and you know it is," continued Mrs Squallop, vehemently.

"*They've* got a mother to take—care of them," Titmouse sobbed; "but

there's been no one in the—the—world that cares a straw for *me*—this twenty—years!" He fairly wept aloud.

"Well, then, more's the pity for *you*. If you had, they wouldn't have let you make such a puppy of yourself—and at your landlady's expense, too. You know you're a fool," said Mrs Squallop, dropping her voice a little; for she was a MOTHER, after all, and she knew that what poor Titmouse had just stated was quite true. She tried hard to keep up the fire of her wrath by forcing into her thoughts every aggravating topic against Titmouse that she could think of: but it became every moment harder and harder to do so, for she was consciously softening rapidly towards the weeping and miserable object on whom she had been heaping such violent and bitter abuse. He was a great fool, to be sure; he was very fond of fine clothes—he knew no better—he had, however, paid his rent well enough, till lately—he was a very quiet, well disposed lodger, for all *she* had known—he had given her youngest child a pear not long ago—Really, she thought, I may have gone a *little* too far.

"Come—it ain't no use crying in this way. It won't put money into your pocket, nor my rent into mine. You know you've wronged me, and I *must* be paid," she added, but in a still lower tone. She tried to cough away a certain rising disagreeable sensation about her throat, that kept increasing; for Titmouse, having turned his back to hide the extent of his emotions, seemed half choked with suppressed sobs.

"So you won't speak a word—not a word—to the woman you've injured so much!" enquired Mrs Squallop, trying to assume a harsh tone, but her eyes were a little obstructed with tears.

"I—I—*can't* speak," sobbed Titmouse—"I—I feel ready to drop—every body hates me"—here he paused: and for some moments neither spoke. "I've been kept on my legs the whole day about the town by Mr Tag-rag, and had no dinner. I—I—wish I was *dead!* I do!—you may take all I have—here it is"—continued Titmouse, with his foot pushing towards Mrs Squallop the old hair trunk that contained all his little finery—"I sha'n't want them much longer—for I'm turned out of my situation."

This was too much for Mrs Squallop, and she was obliged to wipe her full eyes with the corner of her apron, without saying a word. Her heart smote her for the misery she had inflicted on one who seemed quite broken down. Pity suddenly flew, fluttering his wings—soft dove!—into her heart, and put to flight in an instant all her enraged feelings. "Come, Mr Titmouse," said she, in quite an altered tone—"never mind *me;* I'm a plain-spoken woman enough, I dare say—and often say more than I mean—for I know I ain't over particular when my blood's up—but—I—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, poor chap!—for all I've said—no, not for double the rent you owe me. Come! don't go on so, Mr. Titmouse—what's the use? it's all quite—over—I'm *so* sorry—Lud! if I'd *really* thought"—she almost sobbed—"you'd been so—so—why, I'd have waited till to-morrow night before I'd said a word. But, Mr Titmouse, since you haven't had any dinner, won't you have a mouthful of something—a bit of bread and cheese?—I'll soon fetch you up a bit, and a drop of beer—we've just had it in for our suppers."

"No, thank you—I can't—I can't eat."

"Oh, bother it, but you *shall!* I'll go down and fetch it up in half a minute, as sure as my name's Squallop!" And out of the room, and down stairs she bustled, glad of a moment to recover herself.

"Lord-a-mercy!" said she, on entering her room, to her eldest daughter and a neighbor who had just come in to supper—and while she hastily cut a thick hunch of bread, and a good slice of cheese—"there I've been a-rating that poor chap, up at the top room (my dandy lodger, you know,) like anything—and I really don't think he's had a morsel of victuals in his belly this precious day; and I've made him cry, poor soul, as if his heart would break. Pour us out half a pint of that beer, Sally—a *good* half pint, mind!—I'm going to take it up stairs directly. I've gone a deal too far with him, I do think—but it's all of that nasty old Gripe—I've been wrong all the day through it! How I hate the sight of old Gripe! What odious-looking people they do get to collect the rates and taxes, to be sure! Poor chap," she continued, as she wiped out a plate with her apron, and put into it the bread and cheese, with a knife—"he offered me a chair when I went in, so uncommon civil-like, it took a good while before I could get myself into the humor to give it him as I wanted. And he's no father nor mother, (half of which has happened to *you*, Sal, and the rest will happen one of these days, you know!) and he's not such a very bad lodger, after all, though he *does* get a little behind-hand now and then, and though he turns out every Sunday like a lord, poor fellow—as my poor husband used to say, 'with a shining back and empty belly.'"

"But that's no reason why honest people should be kept out of their own, to feed his pride," interposed her neighbor, a skinny old widow, who had never had chick nor child, and was always behind-hand with her own rent; but whose effects were not worth distraining upon. "I'd get hold of some of his fine, crincum-crancums and gim-cracks, for security, like, if I were you. I would, indeed."

"Why—no, poor soul—I don't hardly like; he's a vain creature, and puts everything he can on his back, to be sure; but he a'n't quite a *rogue*, neither."

"Ah, ha, Mrs. Squallop—you're such a simple soul!—Won't my fine gentleman make off with his finery after to-night?"

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it! To be sure he may! Really, there *can't* be much harm in asking him (in a kind way) to deposit one of his fine things with me, by way of security—that ring of his, you know—eh? Well, I'll try it," said Mrs. Squallop, as she set off up stairs.

"I know what *I* should do if he was a lodger of *mine*, that's all," said her visitor, (as Mrs. Squallop quitted the room,) vexed to find their supper so considerably and unexpectedly diminished, especially as to the pot of porter, which she strongly suspected would not be replenished.

"There," said Mrs. Squallop, setting down on the table what she had brought for Titmouse, "there's a bit of supper for you; and you're welcome to it, I'm sure, Mr. Titmouse."

"Thank you, thank you—I can't eat," said he, casting, however, upon the victuals a hungry eye, which belied what he said, while in his heart he longed to be left alone with them for about three minutes.

"Come, don't be ashamed—fall to work—it's good wholesome victuals," said she, lifting the table near to the edge of the bed, on the side of which he was sitting, and taking up the two shillings lying on the table—"and capital beer, I warrant me; you'll sleep like a top after it."

"You're uncommon kind, Mrs. Squallop; but I shan't get a wink of sleep to-night for thinking."

"Oh, bother your thinking! Let me see you begin to eat a bit. Well, I suppose you don't like to eat and drink before me, so I'll go." [Here arose a sudden conflict in the good woman's mind, whether or not she would act on the suggestion which had been put into her head down stairs. She was on the point of yielding to the impulse of her own good-natured, though coarse feelings; but at last]—"I—I—dare say, Mr. Titmouse, you mean what's right and straightforward," she stammered.

"Yes, Mrs. Squallop—you may keep those two shillings; they're the last farthing I have left in the whole world."

"No—hem! hem!—a-hem! I was just suddenly a-thinking—now can't you guess, Mr. Titmouse?"

"What, Mrs. Squallop?" enquired Titmouse, meekly, but anxiously.

"Why—suppose now—if it were only to raise ten shillings with old Balls, round the corner, on one of those fine things of yours—your ring, say." [Titmouse's heart sunk within him] "Well, well—never mind—don't fear," said Mrs. Squallop, observing him suddenly turn pale again. "I—I only thought—but never mind! it don't signify—good night! we can talk about that to-morrow—good night—a good night's rest, Mr. Titmouse!" and the next moment he heard her heavy step descending the stairs. Several minutes had elapsed before he could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by her last proposal; but within ten minutes of her quitting the room, there stood before him, on the table, an *empty* plate and jug.

"The beast! the fat old toad!" thought he, the instant that he had finished masticating what had been supplied to him by real charity and good-nature,—"the vulgar wretch!—the nasty canting old hypocrite!—I saw what she was driving at all the while!—She had her eye on my ring!—she'd have me pawn it at old Balls's—ha, ha!—Catch me! that's all! Seven shillings a-week for this nasty hole!—I'll be bound I pay nearly half the rent of the whole house—the old cormorant!—out of what she gets from me! How I hate her! More than half my salary goes into her greasy pocket! Cuss me if I couldn't have kicked her down stairs—porter, bread, and cheese, and all—while she was standing canting there! A snivelling old beldam! Pawn my ring!!—Lord!!" Here he began to undress. "Ha! I'm up to her; she'll be coming here to-morrow, with that devil Thumbscrew, to distrain, I'll be sworn. Well—I'll take care of *these*, anyhow;" and, kneeling down and unlocking his trunk, he took out of it his guard-chain, breast-pin, studs, and ring, carefully folded them up in paper, and depositing them in his trowsers' pockets, resolved that henceforth their nightly resting-place should be—under his pillow; while during the day they should accompany his person whithersoever he went. Next he bethought himself of the two or three important papers to which Mr. Gammon had referred; and, with tremulous eagerness, read them over once or twice, but without being able to extract from them the slightest meaning. Then he folded them up in a half-sheet of writing-paper, which he proceeded to stitch carefully beneath the lining of his waistcoat; after which he blew out his slim candle, and with a heavy sigh got into bed. For some moments after he had blown out the candle did the image of it remain on his aching and excited retina; and just so long did the thoughts of *ten thousand a-year* dwell on his fancy, fading, however, quickly away amid the thickening gloom of doubts, and fears, and miseries, which oppressed him. There he lies, stretched on his bed, a wretched figure, lying on his breast, his head buried beneath his feverish arms. Anon, he turns round upon his back, stretches his wearied limbs to their uttermost, folds his arms on his breast, then buries them beneath the pillow, under his head. Now he turns on his right side, then on his left—presently he starts up, and with muttered curse shakes his little pillow, flinging it down angrily. He cannot sleep—he cannot rest—he cannot keep still. Bursting with irritability, he gets out of bed, and steps to the window, which opening wide, a slight gush of fresh air cools his hot face for a moment or two. His wearied eye looks upward and beholds the moon shining overhead in cold splendor, turning the clouds to gold as they flit past her, and shedding a softened lustre upon the tiled roofs and irregular chimney-pots—the only objects visible to him. No sound is heard, but occasionally the dismal cry of disappointed cat, the querulous voice of the watchman, and the echo of the rumbling hubbub of Oxford-street. O, miserable Titmouse, of what avail is it for thee thus to fix thy sorrowful lack-lustre eye upon the cold Queen of Night!

* * * * * *

At that moment there happened to be also gazing at the same glorious object, but at some two hundred miles' distance from London, a somewhat different person, with very different feelings, and in very different circumstances. It was one of the angels of the earth—a pure-hearted and very beautiful young woman; who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harrassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties—telling her that she should finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber in which she sat. Then she drew her chair to the window-recess, and pushing open the window, sat before it, half undressed as she was, her head leaning on her hand, gazing upon the scenery before her with tranqnil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves, which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwelt—solemn solitudes, not yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by the glimpse she caught of a restless fawn, glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept! Then the gentle breeze would enter her window, laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath, in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand! Beautiful moon!—cold and chaste in thy skyey palace, studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance then turned towards thee than hers! Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the amorous night-breeze do thee hurt, for he groweth giddy with the sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half-uncurled, are growing damp—so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep: and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker—to bed!—to bed!—dear Kate, nothing disturbing thy serene thoughts, or agitating that beautiful bosom! Hush! hush!—Now she sleeps.

It is well that thine eyes are closed in sleep; for, behold—see!—the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are moaning; the moon is gone:—but sleep on, sweet Kate—sleep on, dreaming not of dark days before thee. Oh, that thou could'st sleep on till the brightness returned! * * * * *

After having stood thus leaning against the window for nearly half an hour, Titmouse, heavily sighing, returned to bed—but there he tossed about in wretched restlessness till nearly four o'clock in the morning. If he now and then sank into forgetfulness for a while, it was only to be harassed by the dreadful image of Mrs. Squallop, shouting at him, tearing his hair, cuffing him, flinging a pot of porter in his face, opening his boxes, tossing his clothes about, taking out his invaluable ornaments; by Tag-rag kicking him out of the shop; and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap dashing past him in a fine carriage, with six horses, and paying no attention to him as he ran shouting and breathless after them; Huckaback following, kicking and pinching him behind. These were the few little bits of different-colored glass in a mental kaleidoscope, which, turned capriciously round, produce those innumerable fantastic combinations out of the simple and ordinary events of the day, which we call *dreams*—tricks of the wild sisters Fancy, when sober Reason has left her seat for a while. But this is fitter for the Royal Society than the bedroom of Tittlebat Titmouse; and I beg the reader's pardon.

About six o'clock, Titmouse rose and dressed himself; and, slipping noiselessly and swiftly down stairs, and out of the court, in order to avoid all possibility of encountering his landlady or his tailor, soon found himself in Oxford Street. Not many people were stirring there. One or two men who passed him were smoking their morning's pipe, with a half awakened air, as if they had only just got out of a snug bed, in which they always slept every moment that they lay upon it. Titmouse almost envied them! What a squalid figure he looked, as he paced up and down, till at length he saw the porter of Messrs. Dowlas & Co. opening the shop door. He soon entered it, and commenced another joyous day in that delightful establishment. The amiable Mr. Tag-rag continued unaltered.

"You're at liberty to take yourself off, sir, this very day—this moment sir, and a good riddance," said he, bitterly, during the course of the day, after demanding of Titmouse how he dared to give himself such sullen airs; "and then we shall see how charming easy it is for gents like you to get another sitiwation, sir! Your looks and manner is quite a recommendation, sir! If I was you, sir, I'd raise my terms! You're worth double what I give, sir!" Titmouse made no reply. "What the d—l do you mean, sir, by not answering me—eh, sir?" suddenly demanded Tag-rag, with a look of fury.

"I don't know what you'd have me say, sir. What am I to say, sir?" enquired Titmouse, with a sigh.

"What, indeed! I should like to catch you! Say, indeed! Only say a word—and out you go, neck and crop. Attend to that old lady coming in, sir. And mind, sir, I've got my eye on you!" Titmouse did as he was bid; and Tag-rag, a bland smile beaming in his attractive features, hurried down towards the door, to receive some lady-customers, whom he observed alighting from a carriage; and at that moment you would have sworn that he was one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered men in the world.

When at length *this* day came to a close, Titmouse, instead of repairing to his lodgings, set off, with a heavy heart, to pay a visit to his excellent friend, Huckaback, whom he knew to have received his quarter's salary the day before, and from whom he faintly hoped to succeed in extorting some trifling loan. "If you want to learn the value of money, *try to borrow some*," says Poor Richard—and Titmouse was now going to learn that useful but bitter lesson. Oh, how disheartening was that gentleman's reception of him! Huckaback, in answering the modest knock of Titmouse, suspecting who was his visiter, opened the door but a little way, and in that little way, with his hand on the latch, he stood, with a plainly repulsive look.

"Oh! it's you, Titmouse, is it?" he commenced, coldly.

"Yes. I—I just want to speak a word to you—only a word or two, Hecky, if you aren't busy?"

"Why, I was just going to go—but what d'ye want, Titmouse?" he enquired, in a freezing manner, not stirring from where he stood.

"*Let* me come inside a minute," implored Titmouse, feeling as if his heart were really dropping out of him: and, in a most ungracious manner, Huckaback motioned him in.

"Well," commenced Huckaback, with a chilling distrustful look.

"Why, Huck, I know you are a good-natured chap—you *couldn't,* just for a short time, lend me ten shill"——

"No, I'm hanged if I can: and that's flat!" briskly interrupted Huckaback, finding his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Why, Hucky, wasn't you only yesterday paid your salary?"

"Well!—suppose I was?—what then? You're a monstrous cool hand, Titmouse! I never!! So I'm to lend to you, when I'm starving myself!—I've received such a lot, haven't I!"

"I thought we'd always been friends, Hucky," said Titmouse, faintly; "and so we shouldn't mind helping one another a bit! Don't you remember, I lent you half-a-crown?"

"Half-a-crown!—and that's nine months ago!"

"Do, Hucky, do! I've positively not a sixpence in the whole world."

"Ha, ha! A pretty chap to borrow! You can pay so well! By George, Titmouse, you're a cool hand."

"If you won't lend me, I must starve."

"Go to *my uncle's*." [Titmouse groaned aloud.] "Well—and why not? What of that?" continued Huckaback, sharply and bitterly. "I dare say it wouldn't be the first time you've done such a trick, no more than me. I've been obligated to do it. Why shouldn't you? Ain't there that ring?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! that's just what Mrs. Squallop said last night."

"Whew! *She's* down on you, is she! And you've the face to come to me! *You*—that's a-going to be sold up, come to borrow! Lord, that's good, any how! A queer use that to make of one's friends;—it's a taking of them in, I say!"

"Oh, Huck, Huck, if you only knew what a poor devil"——

"Yes, that's what I was a-saying; but it ain't poor devil's one lends money to so easily, I warrant me; though you *ain't* such a poor devil—you're only shamming! Where's your guard-chain, your studs, your breast-pin, your ring, and all that. Sell 'em! if not, any how, *pawn* 'em. Can't eat your cake and have it; fine back must have empty belly with us sort of chaps."

"If you'll only be so kind as to lend me ten shillings," continued Titmouse, in an imploring tone, "I'll bind myself, by a solemn oath, to pay you the very first moment I get what's due to me from Dowlas & Co." Here he was almost choked by the sudden recollection that he had almost certainly nothing to receive.

"You've some property in the moon, too, that's coming to you, you know!" said Huckaback, with an insulting sneer.

"I know what you're driving at," said poor Titmouse; and he continued eagerly, "and if any thing *should* ever come up from Messrs. Quirk, Gam"——

"Yough! Faugh! Pish! Stuff!" burst out Huckaback, in a tone of contempt and disgust; "*never* thought there was any thing in it, and now *know* it! It's all in my eye, and all that!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky! You don't say so!" groaned Titmouse, bursting into tears; you didn't *always* say so."

"It's enough that I say it *now*, then; will that do?" interrupted Huckaback, impetuously.

"Oh, Lord, Lord! what is to become of me?" cried Titmouse, with a face full of anguish.

[At this moment, the following was the course of thought passing through the mind of Mr. Huckaback:—It is not *certain* that nothing will come of the fellow's affair with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. It was hardly likely that they would have gone as far as Titmouse represented (lawyers as they were), unless they had seen very substantial grounds for doing so. Besides, even though Titmouse might not get ten thousand a-year, he might yet succeed in obtaining a very splendid sum of money; and if he (Huckaback) could but get a little slice out of it, Titmouse was now nearly desperate, and would promise any thing; and if he could but be wheedled in to giving any thing in writing—Well, thought Huckaback, I'll try it, however!]

"Ah, Titmouse, you're civil enough *now*, and would *promise* any thing," said Huckaback, appearing to hesitate; "but when you got your money you'd forget."

"Forget my promise! Dear Hucky! only try me—do try me but once, that's all! Ten shillings is worth more to me now, than a hundred pounds may be by-and-by."

"Ay, so you say *now;* but d'ye mean to tell me, that if I was now to advance you ten shillings out of my poor little salary," continued Huckaback, apparently carelessly, "you'd, for instance, pay me a hundred pounds out of your thousands?"

"Only try me—do try me!" said Titmouse eagerly.

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Huckaback, smiling incredulously, and chinking some money in his trowsers' pocket. Titmouse heard it, and (as the phrase is) his teeth watered; and he immediately swore such a tremendous oath as I dare not set it down in writing, that if Huckaback would that evening lend him ten shillings, Titmouse would give him one hundred pounds out of the very first monies he got from the estate.

"Ten shillings is a slapping slice out of my little salary—I shall have, by George, to go without many things I'd intended getting; it's worth ten pounds to me, just now."

"Why, 'tis worth a hundred to *me!* Mrs. Squallop will sell me out, bag and baggage, if I don't give her something to-morrow."

"Well, if I really thought—would you mind giving me, now, a bit of black and white for it?"

"I'll do any thing you like; only let me feel the ten shillings in my fingers."

"Well, no sooner said than done, if you're a man of your word," said Huckaback, in a trice producing a bit of paper, and pen and ink. "So, only just for the fun of it; but—Lord! what stuff!—I'm only bargaining for a hundred pounds of moonshine. Ha, ha! I shall never see the color of your money, not I; so I may as well say two hundred when I'm about it, as one hundred"——

"Why, hem! Two hundred, Huck, *is* rather a large figure; one hundred's odds enough, I'm sure."

"P'r'aps, Tit, you forget the licking you gave me the other day. Suppose I was to go to an attorney, and get the law of you, what a sight of damages I should have—three hundred pounds at least."

Titmouse appeared even yet hesitating.

"Well, then!" said Huckaback, flinging down his pen, "suppose I have them yet."

"Come, come, Hucky, 'tis all past and gone, all that."

"Is it? Well, I never! I shall never be again the same man I was before that licking. I've a sort of a—a—of a—feeling inside, as if—my breast was—I shall carry it to my grave—if I shant!"

[It never once occurred to Titmouse, not having his friend Mr. Gammon at his elbow, that the plaintiff in the action of *Huckaback* v. *Titmouse* might have been slightly at a loss for a *witness* of the assault; but something quite as good in its way—a heaven-sent suggestion—*did* occur to him.]

"Ah," said Titmouse suddenly, "that's true; and uncommon sorry am I; but still, a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds, and a large sum for the use of ten shillings and a licking: but never you think it's all moonshine about my business with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap! You should only have heard what *I've* heard to-day from those gents; hem! but I won't split *again* either."

"Eh! What? Heard from those gents at Saffron Hill?" interrupted Huckaback briskly; "come, Titty, out with it—out with it; no secrets between friends, Titty."

"No, I'll be —— if I do—I won't spoil it all again; and now, since I've let out as much, which I didn't mean to do, I'll tell you something else—ten shillings is no use to me, I must have a pound."

"Titty, Titty!" exclaimed Huckaback, with unaffected concern.

"And won't give more than fifty for it when I get my property either"—[Huckaback whistled aloud, and with a significant air buttoned up the pocket which contained the money; intimating that now the negotiation was all at an end, for that Titmouse's new terms were quite out of the question;] "for I know where I can get twenty pounds easily, only I liked to come to a *friend* first."

"You aren't behaving much like a friend to one as has always been a fast friend of yours, Titty! *A pound!*—I haven't got it to part with, that's flat; so, if that's your figure, why, you must even go to your other friend, and leave poor Hucky."

"Well, I don't mind saying only ten shillings," quoth Titmouse, fearing that he had been going on *rather* too fast.

"Ah, that's something reasonable-like, Titty! and, to meet you like a friend, I'll take fifty pounds instead of a hundred; but you won't object to—you know—a deposit; that ring of yours. Well, well! it don't signify, since it goes against you: so now, here goes, a bit of paper for ten shillings, ha, ha!" and taking a pen, after a pause, in which he called to mind as much of the phraseology of money securities as he could, he drew up the following stringent document:—

"Know all Men That you are Bound to Mr. R. Huckaback Promising The Bearer on Demand to Pay Fifty Pounds in cash out of the Estate, if you Get it.

"(Witness,) 22d July 182–.

"R. HUCKABACK."

"There, Titty—if you're an honest man, and would do as you would be done by," said Huckaback, after signing his own name as above, handing the pen to Titmouse, "sign that; just to show your honor, like—for, in course, I shan't ever come on you for the money—get as much as you may."

A blessed thought occurred to poor Titmouse in his extremity, viz., that there was *no stamp* on the above instrument, (and he had never seen a promissory-note or bill of exchange without one;) and he signed it instantly, with many fervent expressions of gratitude. Huckaback received the valuable security with apparently a careless air; and after cramming it into his pocket, as if it had been in reality only a bit of waste paper, counted out ten shillings into the eager hand of Titmouse; who, having thus most unexpectedly succeeded in his mission, soon afterwards departed—each of this pair of worthies fancying that he had succeeded in cheating the other. Huckaback, having very cordially shaken Titmouse by the hand, heartily damned him upon shutting the door on him; and then anxiously perused and re-perused his "security," wondering whether it was possible for Titmouse at any time thereafter to evade it, and considering by what means he could acquaint himself with the progress of Titmouse's affairs. The latter gentleman, as he hurried homeward, dwelt for a long while upon only one thought—how fortunate was the omission of his friend to have a stamp upon his security! When and where, thought he, was it that he had heard that nothing would do without a stamp? However, he had got the ten shillings safe; and Huckaback might wait for his fifty pounds till—But in the meanwhile he, Titmouse, seemed to stand a fair chance of going to the dogs; the ten shillings, which he had just obtained with so much difficulty, were to find their way immediately into the pockets of his landlady, whom it might pacify for but a day or two, and what quarter was he now to look to for the smallest assistance? What was now to become of him? Titmouse was a miserable fool; but thoughts such as these, in such circumstances as his, would force themselves into the mind of even a fool! How could he avoid—oh, horrid thought!—soon parting with, or at least pawning, his ring and his other precious trinkets? He burst into a perspiration at the mere thought of seeing them ticketed for sale in the window of old Balls! As he slowly ascended the stairs which led to his apartment, he felt as if he were following some unseen conductor to a dungeon. Blackwood's Magazine

The Louisville Races.

The Second Race between Wagner and Grey Eagle, Etc.

TUESDAY.

We resume from last Saturday's paper our report of this brilliant meeting, which may be regarded as the commencement of a new era in the annals of the Kentucky Turf. The great Four mile Sweepstakes of Monday, described in our last, was no sooner concluded than the losers commenced speculating on the chances of getting back their money on the following day, while the winners were eager to double their gains, or "break even." The races up for Tuesday promised not only fine sport, but presented, it was thought, "a great opening" for an operation. The first race was a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats, to which there were eighteen subscribers, at $100 each, half forfeit—the proprietor to add a Service of Plate, of the value of $500. The second race was a Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, which closed with ten subscribers. The third race was a Match for $500 a side, between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Sanders and Moore.

In the first race on Tuesday, out of eighteen nominations in the 3 yr. old stake, seven came to the post. The first favorite was Vertner, a winner at mile and two mile heats; he comes of a good stock, being by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster; his form is symmetrical, and when right, he runs like a scared dog. The second favorite was a bloodlike Medoc filly, called *Cub* (formerly *Chlorine*); she is a chesnut, with a star and white hind foot, about 15½ hands high. Her head, neck, and hips resemble those of Charlotte Russe; she is not so long waisted, however, and is particularly fine across the loin. She was the trial horse in Bob Wooding's stable, and it was pretty well understood was "a bulger." There were three other Medocs in the same race—Robinson, Moorehead, and Laura. They were all good ones. Robinson had been twice a winner; Laura has won at two, and also at four, mile heats. The betting, consequently, was brisk;—10 to 100 was offered that the 1st heat would be run in 3:40.

The race, except by Cub, the winner, was exceedingly well contested; as for her, we think Portsmouth, or The Queen, might have taken the kinks out of her neck, but she certainly possessed the most remarkable turn of speed we ever saw in a 3 yr. old. With Mat. Powell swinging at her head, and sawing her from the start, she won the first heat with perfect ease in 3:45½, and the second by at least forty yards, in 3:44! It was a very close thing the first heat between Vertner and Laura; in the second heat Laura got a bad start, and Robinson, Camden, and Moorehead made the running all the way, coming home lapped. Had the winner been out of the field, it would have been anybody's race.

After the race, the Messrs. Kenner, of New Orleans, offered $5000 for the winner, but were refused. She has since won at four mile heats, and is thought to be the most promising 3 yr. old in Kentucky. She is nearly allied to John Bascombe, Monmouth Eclipse, and others, tracing back to Old Slammerkin and the celebrated Cub mare, foaled in 1762, and imported into this city by Mr. De Lancey.

The Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds brought out a field of five, of which Mr. Herr's colt Darius was the favorite. He is put up in good form, and looks racing-like—was well on his foot, and distanced the field in the first heat; time, 1:54.

The match was another case of "open and shut;" the winner—a pretty little filly by Imp. Sarpedon—distanced the O'Connell colt off hand. Summary:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Eighteen subs. at $100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added a Service of Plate (value $500)—the 2d horse to receive back his stake. Two mile heats.

Wm. Buford, Jr.'s (Geo. E. Blackburn's) ch. f. *Cub* (late Chlorine), by Medoc, dam by Sumpter........ *Madison Powell*.	1	1
Lewis K. Grigsby's (J. Shy's) ch. c. *James F. Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac.	6	2
Jas. W. Fenwick's b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee........	4	3
R. Pindell's (A. Spear's) ch. c. *Moorehead*, by Medoc, out of Multiflora by Kosciusko	5	4
Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster........	2	5
S. Burbridge's (S. Davenport's) b. f. *Laura*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead........	3	6
M. R. Tarlton's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin........	dist.	

Time, 3:45½—3:44.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Ten subs. at $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick's Herr's b. c. *Darius*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Cumberland........ *John*.	1
B. Russell's b. c. by Industry, dam unknown........	dist.
T. McGruder's b. c. by Dungannon, dam by Stockholder........	dist.
T. Duval's b. c. by Pirate, dam by Consul........	dist.
B. Maloney's gr. c. by Fowler, dam unknown........	dist.

Time, 1:54.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $500 a side, Mile heats.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Gulnare*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William of Transport, 2 yrs........ *Miller*.	1
Capt. Thos. G. Moore's b. c. *Morgan O'Connell*, by Daniel O'Connell, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs........	dist.

Time, 1:52.

WEDNESDAY.

The liberal purse of $1000, for Three mile heats, brought out another field of seven, including two or three horses of considerable pretensions. First in the betting and the race was Ralph, a very promising son of Woodpecker. He is a bay, at least fifteen hands three inches high, and well put together; save a circlet round the coronet of his near hind foot, he is without white. Like most of Woodpecker's colts, Ralph has plenty of bone, with great strength in his quarters and loin, and flat, clean limbs. We are inclined to think him the most promising 4 yr. old in the State. Kentucky breeders rarely hold on to a good colt, but sell him the moment a customer comes up to their mark; therefore, it is that their best performers are all young. Ralph is probably lost to their Turf, as Walker Thurston has taken him to New Orleans. Walker bought him for $4500, we understand; and after winning nearly that sum with him in purses, will doubtless dispose of him at something like $7000, to some turfman of Louisiana or Mississippi. Ralph would be a serious loss to the West, but that they have a great number of good ones growing up to fill his place.

Rodolph would have been the second, if not first, favorite, had not his owner expressed publicly a want of confidence in his condition. The career of this horse has been signalized by a great variety of circumstances, the only parallel to which, of late years, is the case of Argyle. He was bred by Charles Buford, Esq., of Georgetown, (and foaled in 1831,) who sold him when a colt in training to M. W. Dickey, Esq. (the late lamented owner of Grey Eagle,) and Sidney Burbridge, Esq., who has had the management of him while on the Turf in Kentucky. He came out in the Spring of 1834, at Lexington, and in the course of that and the following year, won all his races without losing a heat, including one race at two mile heats, two at three mile heats, and two at four mile heats. In the Spring of 1836 he stood for mares near Frankfort, at $75; some of his colts (the oldest are but 2 yrs. old) we have seen, and they are generally promising. In the Fall of that year he was selected as the champion of Kentucky to run in a Match for $5000, Four mile heats, against Angora, of Tennessee; Rodolph distanced her the first heat. In Jan. 1837, Messrs. Dickey & Burbridge sold him to a company of Mississippians for 15,000, who matched him against Col. Osmun Claiborne's *Hinda*. Subsequently Col. C. purchased Mr. Robt. P. Shelby's interest in him (one half) at $8000, and placed him in the same stable with Hinda—sent them both to New Orleans to the races, but Rodolph was amiss, and did not show. After standing in Mississippi at $200 to a limited number of mares, he finally found his way back to his native State, where he fell into the hands of his present owner, Thomas Smith, Esq., of Lexington. Mr. S. advertised him at $100 in 1838, but immediately after, if our memory serves us, the horse was seized with the disease known as the Big Head; by a course of treatment, as novel as it would appear to have been successful, the horse recovered, and Mr. Smith has kindly offered to furnish us, for publication, with the details of the case, the Big Head having been considered by Farriers generally as incurable. As an experiment, to test the perfect recovery of his horse, Mr. S. placed him this Fall in the hands of his old trainer, Mr. Burbridge, who had Grey Eagle and one of Rodolph's fillies in the same stable. The performance of the old veteran on this occasion clearly demonstrated his recovery from the disease in question; he was evidently off his foot, or we should have seen a race "low down in the forties."

The other entries were Darnley, a 4 yr. old son of John Richards,—Sophia Lovell by Sir Lovell out of Pressure's dam, 3 yrs.,—Great Western, a 3 yr. old Bertrand filly,—Hawk-eye, who figured in the Grey Eagle and Wagner race, and Anna Medoc, a beautiful grey filly out of Ironette's dam. The latter was in no condition to run a yard; we saw her at her stable before the race, and found her as stale as a town tap; her form displays more finish than her half sister's, but she lacks her substance and strength. Sophia Lovell is more racing-like to the eye than her own brother, Hawk-eye, and resembles her half brother, Pressure, both in color and in her style of going. Darnley was much fancied in some quarters, and considerable sums were laid out between him and Rodolph; he is a clever colt, but it struck us he ran out of form. The Great Western must put in a better claim to that name than she did on this occasion, if she would wrest it from the Luzborough filly out of Black Maria, in the great Peyton Stake.

Owing to the heavy bye-betting (to be determined by the placing of the horses in the last heat) the time of the first heat was not so good by several seconds as Ralph could have easily made it. He won handily by three lengths in 5:50, Sophia Lovell running second, while Rodolph and the Great Western made a dead heat of it. The second heat was contested with quite a degree of spirit, first by Sophia Lovell and Darnley, and subsequently by the latter and Rodolph. On the last half mile, Rodolph, who was third, challenged Sophia, and on passing her, collared Darnley, and outfooted him also. Jack's time having arrived, he called on Ralph, and cut down first one and then another in a style that would have done credit to Boston himself. We have rarely seen a finer burst of speed for three hundred yards. Ralph passed the field on the last turn, swung into the straight stretch clear, kept up his run home gallantly, was never caught, and won cleverly by two lengths in 5:50; Rodolph beating Darnley about the same distance. Summary:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Purse $1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

R. B. Tarlton's b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker—Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs. *Jack*.	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's (T. Smith's) b. h. *Rodolph*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, aged........	0	2
James Shy's ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs........	6	3
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. *Sophia Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, 3 yrs........	2	4
Thos. P. Hart's b. f. *Great Western*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs........	0	5
Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, own brother to Sophia Lovell, 4 yrs........	5	6
M. McCumpsey's gr. f. *Anna Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Ironette's dam, 4 yrs........	dist.	

Time, 5:50—5:50.

THURSDAY.

After a fine race at Four or Three mile heats, to a majority of those fond of racing, there is very little attraction in one at Mile heats. Still the day was so fine, and the entries promised so much sport, that the Course, as on the two days previous, was very well attended.

As usual, Mr. Shy's entry was the leading favorite; on Tuesday, Robinson, by his party, was backed to win, to a certainty; the following day, Darnley was to win, and *no* mistake; he also caught a Tartar, but now it came out that though Darnley could outfoot Robinson, Ashland could beat them both! The fact was the three colts were good ones, but there was not one of them in order. Ashland is a handsome chesnut without white, 15½ hands in height, and well coupled and muscled. The second favorite—another Medoc—was Red Morocco, a chesnut with white hind feet, of good size, and a fine turn of speed. The other entries were Bob Bush by Medoc, Stranger by Lance, Turner by Sussex, and a 4 yr. old Woodpecker filly. There was nothing worth describing about the race. Red Morocco took the lead at starting, pulled to the field round the turns, and won cleverly in three straight heats, with scarcely a struggle over any part of the ground.

The Sweepstakes that followed was much better contested. Three 2 yr. olds came out for a stake of four subscribers, of $50 each, Mile heats. A bloodlike brown filly by Rodolph was the favorite, notwithstanding Mr. Burbridge publicly declared he had galloped her but a fortnight. After a very spirited race of three heats, in which the three bits of jockies worked with steel and catgut all the way like good ones, a grey filly by Orphan Boy, carried off the money, the Rodolph filly being second each heat. Summary:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse $250, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Wm. Buford's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, d. by Tiger, 3 y. *Mat. Powell*	1	1	1
James Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	2	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Stranger*, by Lance, dam by Whip, 4 yrs........	4	5	3
T. P. Hart's ch. c. *Bob Bush*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs........	3	2	4
W. Shively's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs........	5	4	dist.
Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. *Turner*, by Sussex, out of Sparrowhawk's dam, 4 yrs........	6	6	dr.

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:51.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Four subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. Hikes' gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Sir Richard... *Jack*.	3	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko........	2	2	2
Fred. Herr's b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian........	1	3	3

Time, 1:54—1:58—2:00.

FRIDAY.

The Oakland Plate, of $500 value, given for Two mile heats, brought out a capital field of five, comprising Telamon, an own brother to Maria Duke,—Missouri, from Virginia,—Burleigh by Archy Montorio,—Occident, one of the nominations in the great Four mile Stake won by Wagner, and Bendigo, a 3 yr. old Medoc colt of whom great expectations had been raised. The latter was first favorite from some inscrutable cause, and there was heavy betting between him and Missouri, who had won a two mile race on the Saturday previous; she had cramped, however, between the heats and after the race, so that the immediate friends of Mr. McCargo only, could be found to back her. The Kentuckians would not believe that any thing wearing hair could beat their 3 and 4 yr. olds at Two mile heats, and they accordingly "piled it up" on Telamon and Bendigo, "with a perfect looseness." Telamon is a highly promising chesnut colt of Medoc's out of Cherry Elliott, with rather too much daylight under him to suit us; he has grown so fast that he presents the appearance of a green gangling colt; had he been galloped slightly this Fall, and then thrown out until 4 yrs. old, so that his form might have become well knit and matured, he would have been a dangerous horse to encounter next Spring. Like all the Medocs, he has a fine turn of speed, and we have great hopes of him.

After a bad start Burleigh and Occident went off with the lead, and carried on the running for a mile and a half, when they declined and Telamon passed them both, and took the track. Bendigo soon after challenged for the second place and after a short rally Occident resigned it to him, and was taken in hand to be reserved for a brush up the quarter stretch. From the head of the stretch home it was a very pretty race between Telamon and Occident; Bendigo being willing to throw away the heat as Missouri was not running for it, gave up his position to Occident after half a dozen strokes, while the latter ran out the heat gallantly, and lost it by two lengths to Telamon, who had Stephen Welch on his back.

Bendigo's run with Occident, in which he appeared to outfoot her handily, made him after the heat more the favorite than ever, as to most persons it seemed evident that he threw away the heat. A few knowing ones, however, were aware that the Virginia mare had not yet made a stroke, and McCargo said it was "a sure thing" if she did not cramp. Telamon's friends were also sweet on their horse, and the betting was general. Missouri had Archer on her back, one of the best jockies in Virginia; he was cool as cold steel, and confident as a game cock.

Missouri led off, with Telamon and Bendigo well up, second and third; after carrying on the running at a slapping pace for half a mile, Archer pulled Missouri back to the field, having satisfied himself he could take the track whenever he pleased. Telamon came first to the stand, but Missouri commenced her run soon after, and having passed Occident and Burleigh, nailed Telamon at the half mile post. At this time Bendigo was out of his distance, but Archer having taken the track, held the mare well together and won at his ease, which allowed Bendigo to save his distance. Burleigh and Occident were beaten off a long way, while Telamon was well up at the finish in 3:44—the best time Missouri ever made.

Missouri cramped after the heat, but her friends were no less staunch, though it must be confessed they were a good deal uneasy, notwithstanding the taste of her quality she had just displayed. Again Archer was told to put the issue on a brush, and accordingly the third heat was not unlike the second. Missouri led off, and having got the field into a business like stride, she was taken in hand to allow some one else to make play. As usual, Telamon caught up the running as the mare declined, but Burleigh outfooted him on the last quarter; these two composed the first division, while Missouri and Occident were both well up in their rear, and ready when called upon, being lapped. Missouri, after running in this way about six hundred yards, was ordered to "go along!" She accordingly took her place in front, and Burleigh had foot and gallantry enough to wait upon her. Missouri led round the turn, kept up her rate, and won in sporting style by her saddle-skirts, Telamon being second and Burleigh a good third, after a tip-top race. Summary:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—The *Oakland Plate* (a silver Tea Service, value $500,) conditions as for the Purse races; Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs... *Archer*.	5	1	1
Jas K. Duke's ch. c. *Telamon*, (own brother to Maria Duke,) by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs........	1	2	2
Jos. G. Boswell's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. *Burleigh*, by Archy Montorio, out of Mary Lee by Contention, 3 yrs........	4	3	3
G. N. Sanders' & Co.'s b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Little Turtle's dam by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs........	2	4	4
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Bendigo*, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs........	3	5	dr

Time, 3:50—3:44—3:50.

SATURDAY.

Throughout the week the weather had been delightful and the attendance good enough to realize $15,000 to the spirited proprietor, but on this day there was an immense gathering from far and near, and the sun never shone out on a more lovely morning. The attraction, it must be confessed, could not have been surpassed—*Wagner and Grey Eagle were again to come together!* After their race on Monday, both parties immediately interested were willing to draw off their forces and enjoy an honorable armistice until next Spring, but the interference and misrepresentation of sanguine friends ultimately broke off the truce existing between them, and the high contracting parties set about prosecuting the war with greater zeal and energy than ever. Some one wrote from Louisville directly after the race, to the effect that Wagner had declined to meet Grey Eagle in a match for $10,000, Four mile heats, which letter made its appearance in the columns of a Lexington journal. This statement the friends of Grey Eagle did not deny, though it was made without their authority, and in consequence Wagner was forced to notice it. In an article "by authority," from the pen of a distinguished correspondent of this paper, published in the Louisville "Journal" on the 5th October, the writer remarked to the following effect:—

"*Wagner and Grey Eagle.*—The *reputation* of his horse is dear to a turfman, and it is his duty to shield and defend it as he would his own honor. The contest between Wagner and Grey Eagle will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Wagner's honors were nobly won; he earned them in a field where every inch of ground was closely contested; and any one who would attempt to pluck a laurel from his brow, by falsehood or misrepresentation, deserves the scorn of every honorable man.

"The writer of this has been induced to make these remarks from the fact that a letter has been published in a Lexington paper, written from Louisville, containing a statement that Grey Eagle had challenged Wagner for $10,000, and the latter had declined the contest. This statement is positively *false*, and the owners of Grey Eagle will cheerfully bear testimony to the truth of the assertion. The facts of the case are these—Wagner had gained a victory over Grey Eagle—a victory in which even the defeated party gained the brightest laurels, and won for himself imperishable fame. Hence Wagner's friends prized his victory the more highly; and with that courtesy towards the friends of Grey Eagle, which is ever due from the victor to the vanquished, they would have been willing to leave Kentucky perfectly satisfied with his performance. But the communication above referred to leaves but one course to the owner of Wagner. He is willing to run him against Grey Eagle, or any other horse in the United States, Four mile heats, for $10,000, or any amount above that sum. This offer is made with no disposition to detract from the reputation of the game and gallant Grey Eagle, but solely on account of justice to Wagner, who has been placed in a situation by *some of the friends* of Grey Eagle that leaves no alternative."

"C."

The article just quoted made its appearance in the "Journal" on the morning of the second race, which we are about to describe, but the friends of Grey Eagle were prepared to see it. If we are not very much mistaken, it was read to his owner, as it was to several of his friends, two days before its publication, but was delayed in the hope that Grey Eagle's friends would contradict the statement alluded to. In the meantime both horses were got in order to make another race. We saw them immediately after their first race, and on the following morning; both recovered well and Grey Eagle especially so, exhibiting very little stiffness or soreness. They improved from that time up to Saturday morning, and we never saw two high-mettled racers in higher condition than they were when stripped to run their second race.

In anticipation of a race which for severity and interest would throw their first in the shade, both parties were wide awake to secure every honorable advantage within their reach. Wagner's rider, Cato, had become free about the time of the first race; if he rode the second as well as he did the first, many were the odd twenties and fifties he was promised. Stephen Welch, Grey Eagle's jockey in his first race, weighing but 82 lbs., the managers of the horse endeavored to find a rider nearer up to his proper weight (100 lbs.) The only one on the ground preferable to their own, was Mr. McCargo's Archer, a very capital rider, with a good seat, a steady hand, and a cool head. Mr. McCargo taking no interest whatever in the race, at once placed Archer's services at the disposal of Grey Eagle's friends, but as his doing so might possibly place him in a position of great delicacy and embarrassment, at his own request they relieved him from it, and concluded to put up Stephen Welch again, whose only fault was that there was not enough of him!

After the race on Monday, the topic of conversation in every circle was the prospect of a second one between the rival champions. The Wagner party were not anxious for a race, but they would not avoid one; their horse had not only realized their expectations, but had exceeded their most sanguine hopes, and they were prepared to back him to "the size of their pile." And well did that noble son of a worthy sire justify the high opinion of his friends—a small circle, it is true, but they were staunch and true, and when it came to "putting up the mopusses," there were enough of them "to suit customers" and no mistake! The friends of Grey Eagle had every reason to be proud of the first performance of their horse, and they were so. He was the first discoverer of "the Forties" in a four mile race ever bred in Kentucky, and he had explored the degrees of pace to the latitude of 44, below the Equator! All this he had done as an untried four year old, and if his friends backed him with less confidence now, it was on account of the severe race he had made five days previous. He was in fine health, and his look and action indicated all the spirit and courage of a game cock, but it was thought physically impossible for him to make such another race as his first in the same week. The betting consequently settled down at 2 and 3 to 1 on Wagner.

It will naturally be supposed that the rumor of a *second* four mile race between these two cracks attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Many persons came down from Cincinnati, while the citizens of Lexington, Frankfort, Georgetown, and the circle of towns for fifty miles about Louisville, turned

Wagner and Grey Eagle.

CLOSE OF THE SECOND HEAT IN THEIR SECOND FOUR MILE RACE—THE SAME WEEK!

TIME 7:43!

out in great numbers. Again the city was crowded, and on the morning of the race every carriage and horse in town was in requisition. Many were glad to get out to the course and call it "riding," when jolting along in a bone-setter, compared with which riding on a white oak rail would be fun! Again the ladies turned out *en masse* to grace the scene with their radiant beauty and "lend enchantment to the view" of the race—and themselves. On Monday we assisted in counting 2000 equestrians and 400 carriages inside of the gate; on this day there must have been nearly as many, while the stands were literally crammed. In compliment to "the Press gang," Messrs. PRENTICE and WEISSINGER of the Louisville "Journal," Mr. KENDALL of the New Orleans "Picayune," Mr. DUFFY of the Mississippi "Whig," Maj. CONOVER of the Cincinnati "Republican," and *another* capital fellow "of the Corinthian order" that the gang smuggled in, were invited to occupy seats over the Judges' stand in company with Mr. CLAY, Judge ROWAN, Col. WHETSTONE of the Devil's Fork, and other guests of the Club.

The jockies, having received their instructions from the judges, "mounted in hot haste," CATO on *Wagner*, and STEPHEN WELSH on *Grey Eagle*. The third entry was Messrs. VILEY & WARD's *Emily Johnson*—own sister to Singleton, and half sister to Misletoe—a 4 yr. old bay filly by Bertrand, out of Black-Eyed Susan. She was not in prime fit, and could not, therefore, live in such a crowd. At the word "go" Wagner went off with the lead at about three parts speed, Emily laying 2d, and all three under a strong pull. Grey Eagle's long, steady stride, after getting into straight work going down the backstretch, soon brought him up with the field, and opposite the Oakland House (about 300 yards beyond the half-mile post) the three were lapped. The pace now improved; Grey Eagle drew out at the last turn, but Wagner having the inside, and beginning to get warm, made sharp running up the stretch to the stand, and on the next turn came out clear in front. Down the backstretch they each kept up a good racing stroke, but at the Oakland House Grey Eagle increased his stride and locked Wagner; as neither was yet called upon, a very fair view was had of their relative rate of going; Grey Eagle led down to the head of the stretch and up to the stand by half a length, and immediately after came in front. He carried on the running two lengths in advance to near the termination of the mile, when Wagner got a hint to extend himself; without lapping him, Wagner waited upon him close up, and opposite the Oakland House made his run; the rally that ensued was a very brilliant affair, but Grey Eagle outfooted him in one hundred yards, and drew out clear amidst tremendous cheers from all parts of the course. The instant Wagner declined Emily took his place, lapping the Grey as they swung round the turn. But Wagner had yet another run left, and they had no sooner got into the quarter-stretch than Cato set to work with him. Grey Eagle had been able to pull to Emily, and accordingly when Wagner, by an extraordinary effort, reached him, half way up the stretch, he was able to outfoot him a second time, and came away home a gallant winner by nearly a length, Emily having the second place, amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and tumultuous cheers, that would well nigh have drowned the roar of Niagara! The first mile was run in 2:05—the 2d in 1:55—the 3d in 1:56—the 4th in 1:55, making the time of the heat 7:51.

The heartfelt gratification and rapture exhibited at the close of the heat by the assembled thousands knew no bounds. Kentucky's most distinguished sons, and her loveliest daughters, felt alike interested, and Grey Eagle's success was enjoyed as if each was personally concerned. The odds, from being 2 and 3 to 1 in favor of Wagner, now changed, and Grey Eagle had the call at 4 to 3. Considerable sums were staked as GARRISON declared "the old sorrel stud" had sulked, but would show his hand the next heat. The fact was, Grey Eagle for the first time had been properly managed; instead of running the whole last half mile, he had taken advantage of the ground, and made his first run down the descent from the Oakland House to the head of the stretch, and then being braced up for three hundred yards, which allowed him time to recover his wind, he was able to come again and make a second rally, as brilliant as the first. As we remarked last week, we think Wagner could beat Grey Eagle by a desperate brush of six hundred yards at the heel of a very fast heat, but not over a head and shoulders at that, while Grey Eagle had so much more speed, that in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards, he could let in the daylight between them. With so light and feeble a rider as Stephen on his back, it was impossible to place Grey Eagle exactly as his managers would have liked, though he is a fine-tempered horse, and runs kindly; the result of the race, we trust, will be a caution to them hereafter, how they venture in a race of so much importance without providing that most indispensable of requisites to success—a suitable jockey.

Both horses perspired freely, and in much better time than could have been expected they cooled out finely; neither hung out a signal of distress, but came up for the second heat with distended nostrils and eyes of fire, betokening the most unflinching courage.

At the tap of the drum the horses were hardly in motion, and Cato drew his whip on Wagner the very first jump. The pace was little better than a hand gallop for the first half mile, but as Wagner led past the entrance gate, Gooding bid him "go along," and he increased his rate. Stephen seeing this, let the Grey out a link, and in going down the descending ground below the Oakland House, went up on the inside so suddenly, that he had locked Wagner before Cato was aware of his close proximity. The run up the quarter-stretch was a pretty fast thing, though neither was doing his best; the time of the mile was 2:08. The crowd cheered them as they ran lapped past the stand, at which Grey Eagle pricked up his ears, and set to work in earnest, shaking off Wagner at the next turn. The race had now commenced; Stephen braced his horse as well as he was able, and kept him up to his rate down the entire length of the backstretch. At the Oakland House Cato again called on Wagner, and steel and catgut came into play. The gallant Grey led clear to the turn and half way up the stretch, Stephen beginning to use his whip-hand, and to give the nonpareil under him an occasional eye-opener with the spur. This mile was run in 1:52. They passed the stand neck and neck, Emily being already nearly out of her distance. From the stand to the first turn the ground is descending, and here almost invariably Grey Eagle gained upon Wagner, who kept up one steady stride from end to end, without flinching or faltering, and able always to do *a little more* when persuaded by the cold steel with which Cato plied him ever and anon throughout the heat. We said they passed the stand on the 2d mile neck and neck; when they reached the turn Grey Eagle had got in front, but no sooner had they come into straight work on the backside than Wagner made a most determined challenge and locked him; the contest was splendid, and was maintained with unflinching game and spirit; at the end of 700 yards, however, Grey Eagle had the best of it, for in spite of Cato's most desperate efforts Wagner could only reach Stephen's knee; Grey Eagle seemed able, after a brush of one hundred yards, to come again with renewed vigor, if well braced for a dozen strides. Down the descent on the last half mile Grey Eagle maintained his advantage, but on ascending towards the stand Wagner's strength told, and they came through under whip and spur, Wagner having his head and neck in front, running this mile in 1:55. Stephen was here instructed to take a strong pull on his horse, and to "*keep him moving*," while "*ram the spurs into him*," were the orders to Cato. The result was, that Wagner came in front, and the pace down the entire backstretch was tremendous, both being kept up to their rate by the most terrible punishment. Unfortunately, Stephen was directed to "*take the track*" about opposite the Oakland House, instead of putting the issue on a brush up the last 200 yards of the heat. Too soon the Gallant Grey was called upon, but true as steel the noble animal responded to it. With the most dauntless courage he made his run down the descending ground, and though Wagner, like the bravest of the brave, as he is, made the most desperate efforts, Grey Eagle came round the last turn on the outside, with his head and shoulders in front, at a flight of speed we never saw equalled. Both jockies were nearly faint with their exertions, and Stephen, poor fellow, lost his presence of mind. Up to the distance stand it was impossible to say which was ahead; whips and spurs had been in constant requisition the entire mile, but at this moment Stephen gave up his pull, and unconsciously yawed his horse across the track, which broke him off his stride, while Cato, holding Wagner well together, and mercilessly dashing in his spurs, at length brought him through a gallant winner by a neck, having run the last mile in 1:48, and the heat in 7:43!

This was without exception the most game and spirited race we ever witnessed. The heat was Wagner's, and while we accord to him all the reputation so brilliantly won after a bloody struggle of near three miles, we feel bound to express the belief, that for an untried 4 yr. old, Grey Eagle's performance is without a parallel in the annals of the American Turf! The last three miles of a second heat, in a second four mile race the same week, were run in 5:35, and the sixteenth mile in 1:48!

The enthusiasm of the spectators was now excited to the highest pitch. There was not on the ground, probably, an individual who would not have been pleased to see the horses withdrawn, and the purse divided between them, rather than farther task the indomitable game and courage of these noble animals; but no such proposition was made, and after the usual respite they were brought to the post a third time, and it would have been difficult to decide which had recovered best. So much feeling was manifested in reference to the horses, that the baser impulses to bet on the result of the concluding heat were almost entirely disregarded; odds, however, were in a few instances offered on Wagner.

In detailing the contest for the third heat, we are compelled to record

"A few of the unpleasantest words
That e'er man writ on paper!"

At the word "go" they broke off with a racing stride, Wagner taking the lead by about two lengths; the pace was moderate, for Stephen on Grey Eagle was expressly charged to pull him steady, and wait for orders. Wagner accordingly led with an easy stroke through the first mile, and being cheered as he passed the stand, he widened the gap soon after to four or five lengths. At the half mile post Grey Eagle made play, and had nearly closed the gap as they came opposite the Oakland House, when he suddenly faltered as if shot, and after limping a step or two, abruptly stopped! "*Grey Eagle has let down!*" was the cry on all hands, and when the spectators became aware of the truth of the painful announcement, the tearful eyes of a radiant host of Kentucky's daughters, and the heartfelt sorrow depicted in the countenances of her sons, indicated the sincerity of the sympathy with which they regarded the untimely accident to their game and gallant champion! It was supposed, on a hasty examination, that Grey Eagle had given way in the back sinews of his left fore leg, but it has since been ascertained that the injury was in the coffin joint. Mr. Burbridge on the instant tightly bandaged the leg with a stout strip of dry canvass, which being kept wet, would have prevented the horse from coming down on his pastern joints even had his leaders given way. A fortnight after the race the horse promised to recover perfectly; Mr. SHOTWELL informed us that the ancle and joint were a little swollen, but that neither the horse's pastern nor cannon bones were affected, and his leaders were as sound as ever. We doubt, however, whether he will ever stand another training; a slight wrench would render him as lame as ever. We need not add, that while his owners and managers have the cordial sympathy of their friends, and the Sporting World generally, there is no one "with soul so dead" as to withhold the expression of their admiration of the Gallant Grey, and their heartiest wishes for his speedy recovery.

Soon after Grey Eagle was stopped, Cato pulled Wagner out of his stride, and galloped him slowly round. The intelligence of the High Mettled Racer was clearly indicated by Wagner's subsequent action; from the head of the stretch home he invariably went at a racing pace, and appeared as if he did not know what was required of him, frequently bursting off in spite of his rider. On the fourth mile as he passed his own stable, the rubbers and riders standing on its roof gave him a hearty cheer, and the gallant horse broke off, and in spite of Cato's utmost exertions, ran at the very top of his speed for near 500 yards as if plied with steel and timber the whole way! We never saw a more magnificent exhibition of unflinching game; even the friends of Grey Eagle forgot their distress for a moment in doing justice by a cheer to the gallant and victorious champion of Louisiana! Recapitulation:—

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.	*Cato.*	3	1	1
A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.	*Stephen Welch.*	1	2	*
Willa Viley's b. f. *Emily Johnson*, (own sister to Singleton,) by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs.		2	dist.	

Time, 7:51—7:43—3d heat no time kept. * Grey Eagle gave way in 2d mile.

For more convenient reference, we repeat the time of each mile in tabular form:—

First heat.		*Second heat.*		*Third heat.*
1st mile	2:05	1st mile	2:08	No time kept, as Grey Eagle gave way in running the second mile.
2d mile	1:55	2d mile	1:52	
3d mile	1:56	3d mile	1:55	
4th mile	1:55	4th mile	1:48	
	7:51		7:43	

It is proper to state here that we derived the statement of time given above in person from the Judges, and on comparison with the memorandum book kept in their stand it will be found to correspond. In the fine description of the race written by "N. of Arkansas" for this paper, which article was published in the Louisville "Journal" from the manuscript copy, several typographical errors occurred relative to *the time*. The article was set up for this paper from the "Journal" and although it contained several palpable errors, the proof reader had it not in his power at the time to make the corrections.

In bringing our report to a conclusion, we cannot suffer the occasion to pass without again expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the eminent degree of consideration and kindness which characterized our visit to Kentucky. And we should be obnoxious to grave censure, as the conductor of the accredited organ of the Sporting World, were we to withhold the opinion expressed by every Western Turfman and Breeder we met, that the Officers and Members of the Jockey Club at Louisville, seconded by the zeal and enterprise of the Proprietor of the Oakland Course, are entitled to the best wishes and cordial support of their fellow-citizens, generally, throughout the State. The weight of influence of gentlemen of their intelligence, character and wealth, thrown into the scale in favor of establishing the Kentucky Turf upon a basis of the highest respectability and integrity, has already resulted in the happiest effects. The price of blood stock has been enhanced, breeders have been encouraged to persevere, the demand for good performers has been increased, lukewarm friends have become staunch, and the prejudices existing in the public mind, against the Sports of the Turf, have become almost obliterated. Kentucky is, emphatically, *the Race Horse Region* of the West; and while her courses are graced, as at Louisville, with the presence and witching smiles of her lovely daughters, and her Clubs comprise the most distinguished of her sons, he will be a fortunate man who may win an invitation to attend one of her principal Jockey Club Meetings.

NAMES CLAIMED.

R. & J. MORRISON PINDELL, of Lexington, Ky., claim the name of *The Queen of Spades* for their two year old filly by Imp. Leviathan, dam Pandora by Ganymede.

Also that of *Pantalette* for their two year old filly by Cain out of Imp. Heads or Tails, by Lottery.

Also that of *Ruffle*, for their two year old filly by Bertrand, dam by Buzzard.

Also that of *Tournure*, for their yearling filly by Eclipse out of the dam of Multiflora and Arbaces.

JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., claims the name of *Robert Emmett*, for his b. c. by Bertrand out of Maria Louisa's dam, by Gallatin, foaled 22d Feb. last.

Col. W. HAMPTON of South Carolina, claims the name of *Ruby* for his yearling b. f. by Imp. Rowton out of Bay Maria. She has been nominated in the "Pete Whetstone Stake" at Baltimore, and a $1000 stake at Raleigh.

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCHES AT LIVERPOOL.

BY THE REPORTER FOR "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."

The interest excited by the announcement of several trotting matches, to take place over the Aintree Course, Liverpool, on Wednesday and Friday last, induced us to take a seat in the mail train on Tuesday night, that we might be present to give as correct an account as possible of the proceedings on both those days. At the railway we met many "trotting amateurs" destined for the scene of action, among whom the anticipated matches became the principal topic of conversation, and, from the known merits of several of the horses, and the rumored "American strength" named for competition, more importance was given to the contemplated "doings" than is generally attached to contests of this description. It will be seen hereafter how far these expectations were realized. The train having arrived at Birmingham rather later than usual, little time was allowed for "refreshment;" and in less than half an hour we were again on our journey; but the train had not proceeded farther than the Newton station when the engine, in working her way through the intricacies of the cross rail, went off the line, and getting embedded in the ground, the passengers were detained upwards of four hours before the men succeeded in getting the machine into its proper course. Even when this had been effected it was some time before the engine could be brought into action, nearly all the supply of water having been exhausted by the stoppage. Fortunately, not the slightest accident occurred to any of the passengers, the majority of whom were ignorant of the cause of the delay till they got out of the train, and saw the engine off the line. As the night was cold and frosty, numbers shut themselves up in the carriages, and fell into the embraces of Morpheus, while others repaired to "the station," where there was an excellent fire, and passed away the time in a jovial manner, in singing, drinking, smoking, and roasting oysters, a barrel of "natives" having been *found* under a seat in one of the carriages. It was "grey morn" before the train got properly "under weigh," and it was half-past eleven o'clock ere we entered Liverpool. There was no time to be lost, and we proceeded to the race course at Aintree with as much expedition as possible. We observed on the road numerous "two-legged trotters," but only a few equestrians, and fewer still of "carriage company." On our arrival on the course we found but a thin attendance, and, although the subsequent arrivals made up a pretty fair sprinkle of spectators, there was a much greater lack of sporting gents present than we could at the time account for. Our inquiries, however, soon put us in possession of the cause; and when we were informed that the Birmingham mare, which had been backed to trot against the American horse Alexander for 400 sovs. had *paid forfeit*, we were not surprised at the little interest which appeared to be taken in the day's proceedings.

In a former number of our paper we gave a copy of the articles entered into for two of the most important matches; but as it may be necessary to repeat the stipulations in the agreement, we now subjoin them:—

"An agreement has been made between Mr. William Hollinsworth and Mr. William Smith, to trot two matches over the training ground of the Liverpool race-course. First, Mr. William Hollinsworth agrees to trot the mare, known as the Lady, or the Birmingham Mare, against Mr. William Smith's br. g. Alexander; the best of heats, three miles each; for the sum of £400 a side—£50 to be put down into the hands of Mr. Peter Eastwood, and the whole to be made good the day before the trot comes off, or the deposit to be forfeited to the party willing to stake all. Second, it is further agreed between the same parties, to trot the Birmingham Mare against Mr. William Smith's b. g. Bob Logic, for ten miles, over the said ground, for a stake of £500 a side—£100 to be put down into the same hands, and subject to the like forfeiture: the weights in the two matches not to exceed 13 st., and each to carry the same even weight. It is, moreover, agreed that each party shall have a referee, and they, too, shall choose an umpire, whose decision shall be final and binding on both. It is also further agreed that Mr. William Smith is to give Mr. William Hollinsworth £100 ere he stake the final amount, for his expenses and trouble on each of the matches, in coming to Liverpool. The matches to come off, the first on Wednesday, the 27th of November; the second on Friday, the 29th of November."

In addition to the above match, named to take place on Wednesday, another was announced to come off on that day—viz., Mr. Peter Eastwood's chesnut horse against Mr. Rushton's brown mare; three times round the course, for 250 sovs. a side. The latter match only took place; and, previous to entering into the particulars of it, we shall put our readers in possession of all the particulars we were enabled to collect respecting the Birmingham mare. On our way down we were informed that Macdonald, the celebrated trotting jockey had agreed to ride the mare on both days, by receiving £25 down, and £25 more if she came off victorious; but whether it had been determined that he should ride or not, we could not ascertain. By the terms of the agreement, it will be seen that £50 were to be forfeited by either party not making good the stakes "on the day before the trot takes place," and it appeared to be well known in Birmingham some time previous to Wednesday that the mare would not start. The reason assigned for this on the course was that she had "a thick leg," or, as some observed, "a thick sinew, caused by overtraining." How far this is correct it is impossible for us to say: all that we know is that she never made her appearance on Wednesday on the Liverpool course. Many imagined that she was "kept back" for Friday, to contend against Bob Logic, in the Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. should such be made up. To this we shall hereafter refer, and shall now describe the only match which came off on Wednesday, which was as follows:—

Match between Mr. Eastwood's Horse and Mr. Rushton's Mare, for 250 Sovereigns a side.

This match, it would appear, arose out of one in which the same horses had, a short time since, been engaged to trot three miles, for £50 a side, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, when the horse (ridden by Mr. Smith) was pulled up after going about half a mile, and the mare was declared the victor. Some dispute it seems then occurred, and hence the match on Wednesday for £250 a side, to trot three times round the course, carrying 13st. each. About two o'clock the riders weighed on the course, Mr. Bolan, of Manchester, being appointed to mount Mr. Eastwood's horse, and Mr. Blair, who has ridden the Glasgow mare once or twice, consenting to ride Mr. Rushton's mare. These preliminaries having been settled, and Mr. Byrne (the gentleman jock from Ireland) and Mr. Banks of Liverpool, appointed umpires, Mr. Antrobus, jun., took his station as the judge, and Mr. H. England officiated as time-keeper. The chesnut is an Irish horse, thorough bred, and stands about 15 hands 1 inch. In Ireland, it is said, he trotted a match of two miles against time, which he accomplished in 5 minutes and 45 seconds, winning a bet of £50 by 15 seconds, Mr. Eastwood, who keeps the Royal Hotel, in Dale street, we understand never matched him previous to the contest on the Cheshire side above alluded

to. The horse was taken to the Sefton Arms, adjoining the course, from Mr. Garner's stables near the Haymarket, Liverpool, and went into training on the race-ground. Mr. Rushton's (of Manchester) is a Welsh mare, abou. 15 hands 2 inches high, and (as we were given to understand) had not long since been purchased from a farmer. Both looked in pretty good condition; and the jocks, having taken a turn along the course, came up to the starting-post to prepare for action. Mr. Bolan kept on his body coat, but Mr. Blair appeared to prefer riding in a light waistcoat with white sleeves: both wore dark jockey caps. At three o'clock Mr. Etty, the clerk of the course at Manchester, started them, to proceed, as we have before observed, three times round, each round being a distance of a mile and a half. The horse was the favorite, at nearly 2 to 1; but whatever betting might have taken place previous to the day, not a shilling, that we heard of, was laid on the ground. Mr. Bolan, on the horse, went away with the lead, and was soon fifty yards in advance. The mare continually kept breaking, and was as frequently pulled up; but on nearing the post the first time round, she came up, and finished the first mile and a half, a trifle in advance, in 5 minutes and 7 seconds. Mr. Eastwood's horse quickly took the lead again, and completed the second time round in 4 minutes and 59 seconds—the mare, which had several times broke again, being about 150 yards in the rear. The horse now proceeded at a quicker pace than heretofore, and had it all his own way, performing the third round in 4 minutes and 50 seconds, and *distancing* Mr. Rushton's mare. The winner, it will be seen completed the four miles and a half in 14 minutes and 56 seconds. The turf was rather heavy, in consequence of the late rains; but it was generally expected that the distance would have been completed in less time. The chesnut horse looked more like a hunter than a trotter, but we believe he never broke once during the race. Mr. Bolan rode well; and when the mare came up he caught his horse by the head (having obtained second wind), then let him go, passed the mare, and won easily. It was, however, but a sorry affair, and a poor recompense for the expectations which had been excited.

On Thursday there was every indication of the great Sweepstakes Match for 500 sovs. coming off in which the American horse Bob Logic, as he is now called, and the Birmingham and Glasgow mares were to contend, and that those who had travelled far and near to witness the proceedings on both days, were likely to be compensated for the disappointment they had experienced on Wednesday. The fresh arrivals from Birmingham clearly showed that it was pretty generally known the owner of "The Lady" who had forfeited the £50 in the three mile heats match with the American horse, Alexander, intended to start her in the grand race of Friday. On visiting the Race Course on Thursday, nearly all doubt about the three nags contending was set at rest, for we there found all of them preparing for the event on the following day. The speculating gentry assembled on the course at an early hour, to take a squint at what was doing, and, from what they could see and *hear*, to judge of the best manner to lay out their money. Bob Logic went four times round the course at a rapid pace; and at the conclusion, Smith trotted him at the same rate to the stable at Aintree, where he had no sooner arrived, than he turned his horse in with great quickness, and immediately shut the door, to prevent the curious from getting even a glimpse of the animal. The Birmingham mare only trotted once round, and was then walked round the paddock for about an hour and a half. The Glasgow mare took two turns at a quick pace; and after half an hour's walk without any clothing whatever on her, was taken back to her quarters near the course.

In the evening there was a strong muster of the right sort at the Royal Hotel, Dale-street, and at seven o'clock the company were highly delighted to see the whole of the stakes for the three to trot deposited in the hands of Mr. Eastwood. Bob Logic was the favorite, but only a few bets of 6 to 4 on him were taken. At Ward's (the Star Hotel, in Williamson-square), at a later part of the evening, a numerous party assembled, and the owner of Confidence offered to bet £120 to £80 on Logic, but there were no takers. Several American gentlemen were present, and a long discussion ensued respecting the horse now called Bob Logic, and his rider and trainer, Mr. W. Smith. Many contended that the horse was no other than the celebrated Rattler, that ran the dead heats with Dutchman, in America; and that William Smith was the William Wheelan alluded to by our correspondent last week. From the information which we received, we think there cannot be a doubt about it; and the following extract from that excellent sporting journal, The New York Spirit of the Times, materially tends to strengthen that opinion. It is from that paper of April 20, 1839, and runs thus:—

"Rattler has arrived in England, and a match has already been made on him for £500 a side, three mile heats, against Lady, 'the Birmingham mare,' to come off at Liverpool some time in May next. All our city readers, of course, recollect Rattler, and those in the country may refresh their memories on the subject, by referring again to our account of his great trot over the Beacon course last October, in which he was beaten. On that occasion, he won the first heat in 7:51½, was close up in the second, of which the time was 7:50, made a dead heat of the third, time 8:02, and lost the fourth, time 8:24. Rattler sailed for England in February last, under the care of his old trainer, Bill Wheelan. He made a quick passage out, only 17 days, in the ship Nicholas Biddle, and we are happy to hear has soon found a customer."

The rain fell heavily during the night of Thursday, and continued to do so nearly the whole of the following day. On arriving at the course we found a number of gentlemen at the Stand, and a pretty strong muster on the ground. On Thursday the training ground was selected for the trot, and the ten miles were duly measured. The starting point was on the other side of the course, a distance of 1,549 yards from the Judge's Chair, and from the latter point seven times round completed the ten miles to a yard. This ground had been ploughed, and in some places it appeared to us nearly knee deep in mud. In fact it was one of the worst spots for such a match that could well be found, and none but such cattle as were matched against each other on this occasion could, we think, have pulled through it. On the day of the match Mr. Brookes, the banker at Manchester, who is said to be the owner of Bob Logic, alias Rattler, and Mr. Hollinsworth and Mr. Lockhart, the proprietor of the Birmingham and Glasgow mares, met at the Stand, when a long conversation ensued as to the propriety of trotting over the training ground. On the part of Logic and the Glasgow mare it was contended that the match ought to come off on the turf; but Mr. Hollinsworth objected to such a proceeding, and observed that when the match was made it was perfectly understood that the contest was to take place on the ground which had been measured, and it was his intention not to trot any where else. The dispute was ultimately put an end to by the parties agreeing to trot over the ploughed ground. Messrs. Etty and Pettigean were appointed umpires, and Mr. Fowler referee, all of whom took their stations on the Steward's Stand, Messrs. Corns, Brogden, and Richardson being selected to follow the competing horses. Other preliminaries having been adjusted, preparations were made for

The Grand Race of Ten miles, between Bob Logic and the Birmingham mares, for 500 sovs. a side.

About half-past two o'clock, the jocks mounted and took up their positions as follows, carrying 12st. each:—

Mr. Brookes' *Bob Logic*	W. Smith.
Mr. Hollinsworth's The Lady	John Watson.
Mr. Lockhart's Glasgow Mare	Lockwood.

Previous to entering into a detail of the race, a few particulars of the respective nags may not be deemed out of place. We shall commence with the American. Bob Logic, late Rattler, is a brown horse about 15 hands 2 inches high, with great muscle, and long pulling action. He looked rather a loose loined horse, but has very great shoulders and depth of girth, and a white near fore-foot. In running he apparently carried his jock in his mouth, till he was wanted, and when let loose, went at the rate of 21 or 22 miles an hour.—The Birmingham mare stands about 15 hands, three parts bred, has a very short back, deep in the ribs, a racing-like neck, but rather coarse in her head. Her action is very fine and superior, in the opinion of many, to Logic, but much shorter. Mr. Hollinsworth, who resides at Bilston, near Wolverhampton, not long since, gave Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, 400 sovereigns for her. Among her other performances, she has done 17 miles in the hour; but her merits are so well known as not to require further allusion to them. She wore an India-rubber lace-up boot over the strained sinew, which we have before spoken of. The Glasgow mare is a bright bay, 15 hands and an inch high, apparently three parts bred, with very quick action, and great muscular power. She does not look so high as she really is. In June last, if we recollect rightly she trotted against a black horse called Peter, whom she beat, doing her 31 miles in one hour and 56 minutes. She has also been frequently brought under the notice of the public in other matches of a similar description. There was not much betting on the ground, but what was done was at 7 to 4 on Bob Logic. The Glasgow mare was the next favorite; and 2 to 1 was offered against "The Lady," Although there was not a very great deal of money speculated on the ground, we understand that in other places many thousands depended on the result; and at the time of starting the respective owners appeared pretty confident. At 13 minutes to three Mr. Brooks ordered the jocks to prepare; and when the three came in a line with each other, that gentleman gave the signal for

THE START.—They went away at the rate of not more than ten miles an hour, the Birmingham mare taking the lead; but she was soon headed by Bob Logic, which horse completed the 1,549 yards in three minutes twenty seconds, the Birmingham mare lying close to his quarters at the chair, and the Glasgow mare twenty seconds in the rear of the leading horse. Immediately after passing the judges' station, they had to trot seven times round to complete the ten miles, each round being 2,295 yards. Logic retained the lead, and in eight minutes fifty-five seconds from the time of starting, finished the first time round—the Glasgow mare being next ten seconds in the rear, and The Lady close in her wake. At the turn up hill, Logic shot out about fifty yards in advance of the others, the Birmingham mare taking the second place at the starting point; but she was soon afterwards again headed by the Glasgowian. In 14 minutes 40 seconds Logic finished the two miles and 1549 yards, followed by the Scotch mare—all three being close together, and making the race extremely interesting. Thus they continued, Logic still keeping in the front, and the mares alternately changing places during the third time round, which Logic completed in 20 minutes and 10 seconds—the Glasgow mare being a close second, with the other nearly alongside of her. At the turn, Logic again left them in the rear about fifty yards, the two mares at the time being neck and neck and struggling hard to come up with the American—the Birmingham mare breaking in the straight run towards the chair, which was again passed by Logic in advance of the others, 25½ minutes having now expired.—The Glasgow mare was within a length of the leading horse, and The Lady close on the haunches of the Scotch mare. The American rider continued the artful move of leaving his fellow-competitors at the turn, and at so much greater distance than heretofore, that almost any odds could have been had about his final success.

A beautiful contest took place between the others for the second position, which the Glasgow mare obtained at the conclusion of the fifth round. 30 minutes and 40 seconds was the time at this point, and, although Logic had gone well ahead around the corner, they were all pretty well together at the Steward's stand. At the termination of the sixth round, 35 minutes 42 seconds had expired, Logic being full in advance, followed by the Birmingham mare, which was severely pressed by the Scotch nag. It was evident that the American rider had it all his own way, and he showed his opponents that he could do as he liked with them, for at the turn he again let go his horse and never afterwards gave the others a chance of coming near him, completing the 10 miles in 40 minutes and three seconds, according to the time kept by Mr. H. England, which we know to be extremely correct, as we had an opportunity afforded us of standing by him during the whole of the race. The Birmingham mare was 20 seconds in the rear of the American horse, and the Scotch nag, five seconds behind the latter.

Never was a horse better ridden than the American; and Smith, who was never headed after he went in front, could no doubt have done the ten mile in much less time, had he not felt certain that he had the race throughout in his own hands. The Birmingham mare even surprised those who knew the disadvantages she laboured under. Her jockey did all he could with her, but at the sixth time round she broke when put to the pinch, and appeared much distressed. The sprain in her sinew kept her short of work, and the jockey was fearful of taking too many liberties with her under the circumstances, and she piped, in consequence, very much at the finish. The Glasgow mare proved as game a nag as ever trotted; but neither she nor The Lady is equal in speed to the American. Lockwood held his mare fast by the head, and "left nothing undone which ought to have been done." She was apparently much distressed at the conclusion; but the American looked as if he could go over the distance again without any great difficulty.

It was expected that Confidence, an American horse, which trotted the two miles on Sunbury Common last week, would have contended in the above match, but he was not brought down. His owner, however, who was on the stand, publicly announced that he would back him against any other for a two mile race, for £500 or £1,000, and from what occurred at the Sefton Arms after the race, there is a probability of a match being made ere long.

A subscription had been entered into for a hurdle race to finish the day, but it did not come off.

We must not omit stating, that on Wednesday the other American horse, Alexander, was on the course, with Smith on him. He is a brown horse, fifteen hands two inches high, apparently three-parts bred, with many racing points about him, and seemed better adapted for going through the dirt than even Logic. The Birmingham mare would not, in our opinion, stand a chance with him. He appears to go short, but when at full work, he stretches out in very superior style.

SHOOTING OF THE GREBE IN SWITZERLAND.

At the season we are now speaking of, there is upon the lakes of Switzerland a sport (our word for "chasse") known in no other country. Early in November there arrive in great quantities that peculiar species of the Diver called the Grebe. I speak not of the very large grebe, called the Northern Diver, but of that beautiful bird whose plumage is so precious, and whose pure white might become the chastity even of a queen. It is upon the Lake of Geneva that it is chiefly known; and, moreover, it is recorded by Rousseau as a denizen of his lake, in the Nouvelle Heloise. Ten days after its arrival the grebe loses its power of flight, and only resumes that power about the same time previous to its departure, which takes place early in spring.

Th sport is thus pursued:—A day is chosen when the Lake of Geneva is so calm that not a breeze seems awake. The waters slumber, and the lake appears one vast mirror, reflecting all its wonders of mountains. But be not deceived in thinking the waves cannot be ruffled in a very short time; be this as it may, the sport can only be pursued in the calm. A boat is manned with four stout rowers—guns and telescopes are stowed both fore and aft—two guns astern—one in the bow. Thus equipped, each, with his telescope ready, and his gun at hand, surveys the expanse of waters; at the distance of two or three miles the grebes are perceived in great numbers, two or three hundred—your rowers speed their best, and as they approach select one bird for their pursuit—he can no longer fly—he must dive. They keep their eyes within a certain range, so that the expanse of waters is completely quartered—the grebe, as the boat approaches, dives—each eye is intent upon his rising again—the number of strokes of the oar that can be counted whilst he is "under" is watched with intense anxiety; it varies from 18 to 27; but whatever the number may be, his next appearance is reckoned upon with precision; at the same time gradually the boat approaches till within reach!—shot after shot is fired—he dives—the men pull—the shooters gaze intently—at the expected moment the bird appears, perhaps only with the point of his bill, so gently that it scarce makes a bubble in the water; and hence the necessity of the calm. Again they fire—again the oar is applied—again he appears—at one time quite close to the boat—then, having traversed beneath it, on the other side—all is anxiety—all expectation. The shot is harmless unless it reaches the head; for the plumage is so thick that it is impervious save only to a bullet. The pursuit now becomes hotter and yet hotter—the breathless bird counts fewer "coups de rame" at each successive dive. He follows one or two modes of escape, not showing himself except by his beak, and risking the not being seen at the moment of his rising; or by gallantly streaming away before the boat, and making for the shore; this is at last fatal to him, for the bird, exhausted, stands upon a stone till he may be almost taken by the hand. Even so exposed, small shot will not penetrate, save only on the head. The bird that keeps to the water is the most difficult to kill; it is scarcely possible to conceive how slight a bubble enables him to take his breath. Wherever he may be, far or near, you must fire, to make him dive; it is only by hunting him down that you can kill him; the firing is incessant. In this pursuit, boating, hunting, and shooting, are all combined; the skill of all is required—one careless eye, and the prey escapes; but when taken, be cautious of letting a drop of his life's blood fall on the beautiful breast feathers—the stain never comes out. Wrap the bird in your best damask, and let the blood congeal within him. Then forth with the telescopes, and survey the water again, till another is parted from the flock (not flight), and another is taken. Six birds make a glorious day's sport—so incessant is the firing, so hot the chase; indeed, the interest is such, that it requires to pause before the work is again begun—upon such a plain of water too! with Mont Blanc growling at you, or Monte Rosa smiling; at one moment near Meillerie, at another within hail of where the prisoners of Chillon might have been heard. London New Sporting Magazine.

A CORSICAN HUNT.

Mr. Editor.—I do not know that mention has yet been made in your columns of the excellent field sports of our island, and yet it will be difficult to find in Europe a country better stored wi h game than Corsica, or men naturally more fond of the chase than the Corsicans. Fishing and hunting are with us passions, and find us wonderfully pleasant occupation. To understand well the resources we find in them, it would be necessary to have seen the places in which they are followed, and to have assisted at one of the almost romantic parties which so often recur in our country. To give but a single specimen of these amusements, you may perhaps like to hear some account of a hunt which took place some days since in the valleys of the Mazzolino and Luzzopejo, near Calvi. The hunters, departing from Calenzana at daybreak, arrived by evening in the valley of Mazzolino, where they encamped for the night. As soon as dawn began to appear four peasants wera sent out with dogs to beat the bush, while the hunters repaired to the different posts marked out for them by Mr. Joseph Marini, director of the chase, and one of the most skilful and distinguished hunters in Corsica. I must remark here, Sir, that hunting has not been carried to the same perfection with us as with you; that depends chiefly no the nature of the country. Thus, among us all hunts, whether of the stag, of the wild boar, or even small game, are conducted in nearly the same way; always on foot, without horn or trumpet. We have no other means of rousing wild animals than the cries of the dogs and the men—no other means of getting at them but the musket and the ambush. The thickets which we call *mackis*, are so intricate and extensive, that it would be quite impossible for us to follow the game on horseback, or to use any other method of reaching it but a footchase. While one part of the huntsmen is engaged in tracking and starting the animals, another lies in ambush at certain points where they know beforehand the game must pass, and in that way it is always the musket that does service. Sometimes it happens that they rouse a stag, weund it, but cannot secure the prey; such is the strength of that animal, that though covered with wounds, and losing much blood, it escapes the pursuit of the boldest huntsmen. So that if care were not taken to start boars, hares, and partridges, at the same time with a stag, we should be often obliged to return to our tents with empty hands without having gratified the vanity of a sportsman.

The huntsmen then were at their respective posts, and the quest was followed with ardour and determination. A signal was soon made from the heights, and a stag of prodigious size appeared. The dogs at once set on him in the plain, and he was immediately hit by several balls. His strength for a moment seemed doubled, but it soon deserted him, and he fell exhausted on the bank of a rivulet. While some of the huntsmen were busy with the stag, another set took aim at a herd of wild boars, which now showed itself in great force; 80 were counted; but between the difficulty of the ground, and the disorder introduced among the huntsmen by the different movements made to reach the wounded stag, we could only kill four. The others, part of which were wounded, effected their escape. We now turned our attention to the smaller game. We advanced in the direction of the beautiful valley o Mazzolino, where the localities are so favourable, and the game in such abundance, that in a few hours we killed 15 hares and about 100 partridges. The manager of the hunt, Mr. Joseph Marini, had his firelock still loaded; while the huntsmen were passing from one valley to the other, a covey of partridges suddenly rose; he fired at one and hit it at the junction of the neck, which he severed from the body. I state this fact that you may remark the address of our huntsmen. This hunt, favoured by splendid weather, which is very general in our country, was one of the luckiest that has been known. The vallies of Mazzolino and Luzzopeje approach the sea on the side of Galeria. The Fango, a river which crosses a part of the forest, throws itself into the gulf below the town of Génois, and forms in that place a kind of marsh bordered by willows, on which the wild vine climbs; the spot is full of water-fowl, and you may have excellent sport there with the milliard, the sea duck, and a particular kind of wild goose. The neighborhood of the sea enables sportsmen to indulge themselves with the pleasure of net-fishing, line-fishing, and shell-fish gathering. So you see, Sir, that we are not so much to be pitied in the sad solitudes of our mountains, since they offer so many sources of diversion! Alas! what will become of us when they have cut down our forests and pierced our bush with high roads? I have the honor to be, &c.,

Sablonniere Hotel, London, Dec. 3. COLONNA LECA.

Extraordinary Fox Hunt.

In the annals of fox hunting, we believe, there is not a single instance of a fox hunt terminating in so extraordinary a manner as that which was witnessed a few days since near this town. It appears that the Bareny Club hounds, with some dozen of bloods, drew the cover at Holywell, where they had very little trouble in finding. Reynard broke cleverly, passed by Durham, Roxborough, and Munsborough, in each of which there are earths. Disdaining to take refuge in either, he faced for Willsgrove or Runerrade. On reaching the beautiful plains beyond the two-mile bush, he stood on a height to see what distance his pursuers were behind, and finding that they were not over anxious to partake of a long uninterrupted run, or, at least, if at all determined to follow, were inclined to keep at a civil distance, he returned nearly in the very same direction he left, and entering a small clump closely planted with large trees, he deliberately ascended one of them, where, extending himself on a branch, he carelessly participated in as much and more of the amusement as the red-coats who eagerly followed him. The hounds also entered the clump, but no trace of Reynard could be found. A hare, that lay quietly in her form, was aroused by the cry of the dogs and set off, giving an excellent run. Reynard still remained on the tree enjoying the sport, till a number of men who followed the horsemen entered the clump and dislodged him, when he slily returned to the place from whence he came, no doubt congratulating himself on his fortunate escape. The Barony bucks must employ a more experienced huntsman when they next come fox hunting to this neighborhood.

Roscommon Journal.

DISEASES AND TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

If we are anxious to arrive at correct pathological conclusions, our disquisitive observ ations must be founded on the physiology of the animal whose disdiseases are the object of our investigation: thus, in regard to the horse, we perceive that a great degree of atmospheric heat is congenial to his constitution; that in the warmest regions of the earth he attains a degree of excellence which would be vainly sought in milder countries (that is, indigenously); in fact, if we trace him from the equator or the tropics, we shall perceive him degenerate progressively, till at length we find him in high northern latitudes dwindled into an insignificant creature, incapable of almost any useful purpose.

As the horse has been rendered a semi domestic by his human protector, he has become liable to a train of diseases incident to what may be denominated his artificial mode of living; yet, not the least doubt can be entertained that his pathological afflictions are frequently the result of neglect and improper treatment.

If the horse be allowed to follow the dictates of his own inclination, he will occupy the greater part of his time in eating, he will thus be observed to employ eighteen hours perhaps out of every twenty-four; and after having gorged to repletion, if he lie down to rest, it will not be for any very considerable length of time—not unfrequently he will continue on his legs throughout both the day and night, particularly if in the stable. We have known an instance of a horse who was never observed to lie down in the stable, and when in the field, he generally reposed in a standing position: the horse can rest as he stands and sleep also. It hence results that long abstinence must be constitutionally injurious to this noble animal, and that consequently on journeys he should be fed as often as possible. The London brewers and others who employ cart-horses in the streets during the day, feed them from the nose-bag whenever they have an opportunity, as in unloading the dray or the coal waggon, having become aware from practical experience of the mischievous effects of a contrary system. Crib-biting is evidently the result (in all the original cases at least) of the horse being restrained from feeding for too great a length of time; the stomach thus becomes vitiated, and the animal seizes whatever he may be able to lay hold of with his teeth, he gnaws and sucks his wind, a disgusting and pernicious practice for which there is no absolute specific. That this hypothesis is correct seems clear from the circumstance of so many cribbiters being found among our cavalry horses, who, when on active duty, are frequently kept without food for a considerable length of time; also, amongst our racers many will be found addicted to this vice, arising from being so repeatedly placed on the muzzle. When one horse happens to be a crib-biter, the habit is very likely to be communicated to some of his companions, as one horse unfortunately will imbibe it from another.

The legs and heels of horses should be thoroughly cleaned on returning to the stable from hunting or from any other employment; they should be well washed in warm water (unless in summer) and rubbed as dry as possible. If moisture be suffered to remain, the heels become cold, the circulation of the blood in the minor vessels of these parts is impeded, swelling ensues, followed by grease perhaps, if not by some more serious disease.

Churton's elastic web rollers (lately introduced to public notice) are far superior to flannel for bandaging horses legs.

Glanders generally arises from colds, particularly when the perspiration has been suddenly checked; and more frequently makes its appearance in stables where stage-coach and post-horses are kept, especially the former, where the horse-keepers are in the habit of washing the dust and dirt off the horses in summer—plunging them perhaps in a pond (half way up their sides) reeking with perspiration. Confirmed glanders admits of no cure; when the disease has reached the lungs, the case is hopeless; it is the most infectious disease with which the horse is afflicted.

One great or general cause of diseases in the horse is the temperature of the stable, which we unhesitatingly state should never be below sixty degrees of the thermometer. If a horse be placed in what is understood by the term a *cool* stable, his coat will become long, Nature thus kindly endeavoring to protect him from the effects of an atmosphere so inimical to his constitution; a horse will not acquire condition in a cool stable; he will continue uneasy, and though he may seem to feed well he does not derive the requisite nourishment from what he swallows, his coat stares, his muscle continues flabby and porous, and he is therefore especially liable to contract diseases arising from the operation of a frigid air.

It is no uncommon occurrence for a horse to be trouble with what is well understood by the term *a cold*, indicated by a cough, accompanied perhaps by a discharge from the nose, and a dull or altered expression of the eye; which is removable by a warm mash, but which, if neglected, is likely enough to result in inflammation of the lungs or serious disease. Slight affections, if timely attended to by a groom of common sense are easily removed; but if he is doubtful of the nature of the attack, recourse should be had to professional assistance.

A stable cannot contain a greater plague than a *delicate feeder*; such an animal must necessarily possess a delicate constitution, will be unusually susceptible of disease, frequently ailing, and upon whose services no reliance can be placed. "If a horse won't feed, he can't work," is a well understood axiom; and the frequent administration of alteratives and diuretics becomes requisite to induce delicate feeders to swallow as much corn as will enable them to go through a very moderate share of labor; the administration of balls of this description is requisite, in order to prevent the animal from "flying to pieces." The following we have used with as much satisfaction as can be ex

pected in such cases: nitre, sulphur, resin, linseed meal, a quarter of a pound of each; mixed well, and an ounce of Ethiop's mineral added; made into balls with treacle, and given occasionally.

From the manner in which the racing of this country has been conducted for nearly a century, the fore legs and feet of our nag horses are faulty in very many instances; the system of subjecting the racer to the severe discipline of the training stable, and the desperate exertions of the course, at an early period of life, dates from the middle of the last century. Nothing could be more injurious to the legs and feet of this noble animal than the introduction of two-year-old stakes. The horse does not arrive at maturity till he has attained the age of seven years; consequently, if when two years old, when his bone has not acquired the requisite solidity, his tendon and muscle sufficient hardness and development—when the texture of the pastern and the interior of the foot is in a tender and very immature state—if at such a time the animal be constrained to take his regular gallops, during the period of training, and afterwards subjected, with a load on his back, to the overstraining struggle of the course, where, be it recollected, his whole weight is thrown forward and received with great force on his fore feet every stride, he can scarcely fail to sustain the most serious injury. In fact, the greater part of our two-year-olds are unable to endure the test of their first season; many "break down" the following season; few remain on the course until they are seven years old. In consequence, our thorough-bred brood mares and stallions are in general diseased in their legs and feet, the disease descends to the progeny for the most part, and as the hunters and nag horses of the present day possess more or less blood, in the same proportion they may be said to inherit the disease in question.

London Era.

HIBERNIAN GENTLEMEN JOCKS.

THOMAS, OR, BY'R LADY, TOM FERGUSON.

[From "Bell's Life in London."]

"What am I to do now, with my character gone, and the last fool in the net expended," as the spider remarked upon an October evening, as he put down the jaw-bone of the last autumnal fly for supper. Such may be now the thought of Tom Ferguson, as he looks upon the gloomy waste of the Curragh from Rossmore Lodge. Do I say it may be so now? Time was when I could have visited such a remark upon Tom by a manual application to the nasal promontory of the observer, but, *tempora mutantur*. However, if the good things men do are often buried with their bones, I will not, even during the vitality of Tom, forget the days when he was as honest as any man could be who rode for the Corinthians at the Curragh. Hospitable to an extreme degree, even for an Irishman—generous to a friend, and ready to risk either purse or person for him—good natured, and of an extremely happy disposition. Such was Tom Ferguson; but if report be true—if, indeed, the *auri sacra fames* has corroded his heart, and he has fallen, I know very little of his character, if, under the assumed veil of independence, there lives one man who writhes more in secret under the lash which such conduct as has been attributed to him infallibly inflicts, or who would feel more bitterly the contempt of the good, or the loss of all that is upright and honorable in the sporting world. *Mais revenons a nos moutons.*

Thomas Ferguson, the hero in the steeple-chace fields of "a thousand hard-fought battles," is the son of honest and decent parents in the north of Ireland, stands five feet eight and a half inches high, and weighs, in peace, about 12 st. He possesses the greatest powers of reduction of any man I ever met, having ridden so low as 10 st., having taken off the surplus in twenty-four hours; is of a powerful frame, and well laid down, with a good "mug" of his own, excellent "ivories," which he shows fully; and had, when I last saw him, altogether a good and very tidy appearance; his age I should take to be about forty five. He is at present, I believe, located at Rossmore Lodge, upon the Curragh of Kildare, and, when first Tom got the Lodge, it was decidedly the rummest habitation that ever sheltered man. Upon the roof of the house, cozily placed under the lee of the chimney, was "the look-out," to give notice of the approach of the "ague doctors," alias "bums." Tom never, I believe, in his career, owed a sixpence; but his gate was never closed upon "a seedy pal," or a gentleman in the hide line (namely, a receiver of latitats). In the back-yard, with a cravat over his skull, and his arm in a sling, was one of the boys who, as Tom expressed it, "got goose" in a steeple-chase; at the pump, with his coat off, was Tom himself, engaged in a sweepstakes of one shilling each, with Peter Brannick, to try who would draw most water from the well in five minutes; standing in the door-way, with his watch out to time the mutton (allowing eleven minutes to each pound weight of the leg), was the "Co.;" Hysie Dickson reading the Racing Calendar in the parlor; Allen M'Donagh, working off a sweat near the kitchen, in a room five feet long and two broad; and the gentlemen in misfortune smoking and playing Ecarte in the back room, with the door locked, and the shutters up. A voice is heard down the chimney, fierce as the Charley's, when he bellowed for the engines at the burning of Troy; the word, however, is easily understood, being "Scatter." In one minute bang goes the great gate, slap too shuts the kitchen wicket. Of the three gentlemen distress, one is lying under the kitchen stairs, having expelled from their natural retreat a game-cock, a cat and her kittens, and the turnspit (who, it being boiling day, has gotten a writ of ease, and retired to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*); another is ensconced in the large oat-bin, with his head and half a cigar stretched out of it; while the third, being only in the *Ca. Sa.* line, and not having yet acquired the honor of outlawry, is playing upon the Kent bugle "The Fox hunters' Jig;" the terriers, joined by the ejected turnspit, are yelping in the court-yard; Harkaway's dam has poked her nose out of the old loose box; and Tom, with an alpeen that would drive a Tipperary man into fits from jealousy, and which evidently came from where "bating was chape," has walked out to meet the gentleman. Better had it been for the curious cosmopolite that he had never known that William IV. was "King and Defender of the Faith," than that he should have sought his prey in the lion's lair. His affidavit, ready to be sworn, is extracted from his pocket in a jiffy; the original is half way down his throat, without the lubrication of butter; his skirts disappear; his hat becomes a parachute; and plastered, pelted, and pumped, he is sent again upon the Curragh's waste, a shoeless, shirtless wanderer, happy in being allowed to drag "at each remove a lengthened chain." Cæsar is called back from the pursuit; Nestor, having in vain tried to masticate a foxy-black cravat, sits sagely upon the steps; and Tom, with the lungs of a Stentor, begs to inform the cook, that if the mutton does not make its appearance she shall get "goose," as the sight of a bum makes him angry. James brings up the leg and the potatoes, the rescued gentlemen appear—the one certainly tarred and feathered, the other with proofs of not having sown his wild oats; the *Ca. Sa.* lays aside the bugle, having failed in "Bid me discourse;" the "Co." brings up the turnips; Allen M'Donagh comes up in a dreadnought; Hysie Dickson, still in a half-dreamy state, lays aside his book and his pipe; and dinner is served in Rossmore Lodge.

I have roamed over as much land and sea as most men, have dined with the Peer, wined with the Judge, punched with the half-gentleman, and beered with the chummy, and, therefore, should know how matters go from four courses and a desert, with candelebras, to a potatoe and a pipe and the light of a moon, and I never met any person who possessed more natural tact in hospitality than Tom—all were treated alike, and, while all were welcome, each was individually recognised in a manner which proved it—scrupulously neat himself in his person, Tom cared little for neatness in others, and so long as the leg was large enough to feed all, and the whiskey of prime quality, Tom was satisfied. I recollect his having ordered one of the exercise boys one day to market with these words—"Charley, you'll just go, ye know, to market, and ye'll bring home a leg of mutton, ye know, and if I find there is a larger one in the market than the one ye bring home, ye know, I'll break every bone in your body, ye know.' After dinner. when the tumbler was mixed and tasted, and the pipe lit (Tom never smoked then), and James informed to cut out of that and keep the kettle boiling, comes the tug of war, what moving accidents by flood and field, what bailiffs slipped, what attorneys discomfited, what sheriffs defeated, handicaps, steeple chases, horses, bridles, fences, each man a host in himself, each Quixote with his windmill. Tom generally sits quiet during the early part of the night, but only bring him well out upon any subject, and the manner in which he grapples it is infinitely amusing. Since the days of ancient Pistol, who wanted to make the world a Colchester native, and to unlock it at a swoop, never was there a more astonishing or a more astounding collection of Kamskat verbiage—his reason for the paucity of turf robbery in Ireland was not a bad one. "Ye know," said Tom, "it's just not worth their while here to rob; there is not a butcher in Liverpool that would not make more in one throw over upon a match for a pony than the greatest robber of them all would in Ireland, if he began with the Kirwan in June and ended with the Rossmore Handicap in October—only give them enough to make it worth their while, ye know, and they would rob as much as any leg in all England, ye know—if they knew how, ye know." I little thought, then, that this worthy fellow would have fallen from his high estate, and that having sight enough to discern the shallows and the rocks of the knaves he would flounder away his respectability upon the one, and jeopardize a well and hard-earned name upon the other.

Ferguson's early career was principally in the counties of Roscommon and Galway; he rode a great number of races for the late Lord Clanmorris (whose confederate he was), and his greatest quality at all times was head. He was without any doubt upon my mind the best rider of a four mile race I have ever seen, and I believe I have seen every gentleman jock of any note in the United Kingdom; he rode Rock, in 1828, at Somerford races, but his last appearance was with old Barkiston in both flat and steeple races. Ferguson had one great fault, I think, in his steeple-chace riding; he rode very short, and was too much over his horse, and the consequence was that he was more apt to get falls than most men; but he held a horse all through, and was of opinion that he would take a horse farther with a hold than with a spur; indeed, with most horses (*sans* Chateau Margeaux, and some others all heart) they go very well as long as they think they are running away with you, but the moment it is *vice versa* it is a regular case of surrender. One of the best steeple-chaces seen between two prads for many a day was between Valentine, ridden by the late Captain Courtenay, and Barkiston, ridden by Ferguson. They leaped their fences, about thirty-seven, and some awful raspers, neck and neck for three miles, and Tom actually won the race on the post. Poor Courtenay told him he *thought* he was winning all through. He was a Captain in the Queen of Spain's service, and behaved gallantly, and was shot by the Carlists in cold blood. Peace be to him! he was a good-natured, bold-hearted fellow. The late Lord Clanmorris was very fond of an appeal to *arms*, and possesses some professional ability in that line, but a turn up with Tom at Birr, in 1828, rendered him ever after as tame as a pensioned placeman, and Tom afterwards regulated all matters connected with their confederacy. Tom was likewise a good deal connected with the present Lord Clanmorris, and after that Nobleman had fallen into "the sear and yellow leaf," and was deserted by his quondam associates. Tom certainly stood by him *ad unguem*. His description one night was rather graphic—"Ye see," said Tom, "I know all the Lords; and, first, there's my Lord Clanricarde; he'd ride as fierce for the money as any man in Europe, but he is like the flint and the steel, and so long as he can strike fire out of you, ye know, ye'd imagine him the best in the world; but if ye wanted to strike fire out of him, ye might as well try to raise money upon the duplicate of a pug-dog. Lord Howth, ye know, will give ye a shake by the hand, and show his teeth, ye know, but he never would give you a shake by the hand, after taking it out of his pocket, unless there was nothing in it; and as to young Clanmorris, ye know, he'd give you beds, board, and lodging, horse's food and man's food, and he'd give you notes, ye know, notes—promissory notes—and he'd bet his life at play, ye know, but he'd never lend you money so long as he could throw it away, and he'd play sovereigns against bawbees sooner than not play at all, and he'd have to play with him a sweep, released under the Insolvent Act, sooner than nobody." Tom's best, and one of his last races, was upon the Curragh, riding his own horse, Rust, for the Plate, four miles. Tom rode against the jocks, and, upon coming to the Hare Park, the shepherds of the Curragh called to Foley, a jock who was riding Leinster (of Rathonenory celebrity), to rush Tom—Foley attempted it, but got goose from Tom. Leinster was a hard-pulled horse, and Rust very temperate, and when Foley came up to Tom, who was on the inside, Tom amused himself by *cushing*—*i. e.*, as he calls it, *chatting* to his nag; this irritated Leinster so much that he took Foley away like the winged arrow, and he was easily beaten; Tom won after a grand race with Thump. I never saw a finer ridden race in my life; I thought he was twice beaten between the half-distance and the winning-post. I afterwards took the trouble to track Rust for the last mile of the race, and his hoofs could never have been three feet off any post. Ferguson complained after the race of Foley's conduct. The affair was brought before the stewards of the Turf Club, and Foley was ordered never to ride at the Curragh again. Ferguson, however, requested the stewards to forgive him. An excellent reply of Ferguson's at the time struck my observation. Foley, in his defence, said that Mr. Ferguson had frightened Leinster by his *cushing*, and Tom replied that he was engaged only in *cushing* at his own horse, and quoth Tom, with a knowing leer, "Ye know it is much better ye know, than to stick the spurs in him, ye know." Would I could thus fill up my reminiscences of Tom Ferguson, but he who writes for the sporting world upon its public characters has a much more onerous task than is generally imagined, and it would be wrong to describe the true and fair current to "Sod Island" without pointing out the Scylla and Charybdis which may interrupt its course. As a prophylactic I recommend to the aspirant, first, good company—secondly, good company—thirdly, and to conclude, good company. By good company I do not mean high company—keeping high company in England is rather a *lowering* to man's estate. He who unwisely thinks that there alone is to be found honor, may, perchance, discover, too late, rascality among Honorables; the jewels of the coronet may have been sent to the "screw-loose" shop, and false ones, all glitter, remain in their stead; in fact, like Jack's co-partnership with the "big un," he will be apt to get the kicks and to lose the half-pence: and finally disappear into the abode of false arrangement with three shillings effects as a pittance, and his proof of good society resting upon a document in an illegible hand, but plastered with a seal and coronet, and beginning "my dear," and ending "sincerely your's," and which the inquisitive antiquarian will find to contain an invite to dinner, which costs the recipient something under a cool hundred a bumper. Such things have occurred in your England, but, although aided by birth and good alliance, the parties have never yet been received into the society, the real good society of England, amongst whom are to be found the sportsman, the farmer, and the man of literature; indeed, they put me very much in mind of a rock resting upon a precipice slightly upheld by earth. It is seen by the gentleman above and the swindler below—but another crumble and it is lost to the eyes of the gentleman, and finds a joyful reception from the blackguard below.

The first sign of soot in Tom's chimney appeared in Peacemaker's throw over for the Ashbourne Cup, called the "Shamrock Cup" I believe. This cup stands first on the list of steeple-chace rewards in Ireland, in fact it is the Leger of steeple-chaces, and is the general betting race for every man in Dublin from the aid-de-camp to the *garcon* who holds your prad at the cigar divan Peacemaker, a fair runner, and a celebrated steeple-chacer, was the favorite, and justly so; he was a strong, thorough-bred horse, and was to be ridden by Hysie Dickson. Tom either would not come the whole or else had some after object in view, but Dickson's name was a tower of strength, and Hysie (of whom, in his order, you shall hear more anon) had declared that he could, would, and should win it. Many was the second coat sent to the ginger-beer shop the Saturday before; "pop" was the word, and many's the merry tale and jocund laugh that arose from the *hallucinated* backers of Peacemaker. The day came, Hysie Dickson in Tom's colours (by-the-bye, Tom's reason for having white for his color is not bad—"Ye can buy as much as will make a jacket for one shilling, and get it washed for a penny,") was riding over the course with a cigar in his mouth, *sure emblem of prosperity* (the ancient and firm friend the *dudheen*—short pipe—being left at Rossmore Lodge), full of proof, not proof spirits, "and eager for the fray;" he was attended by the usual "broths of boys," all anticipative of success, and having fled their works and their wives, leaving their garments behind them. "My Uncles" had had a busy morning, and had a large and overflowing assortment of stock, from the blue with the velvet collar, ticketed 18s. 3d., to the *caubeen*, market 9d., and dear at that sum. The bugle sounded—once, twice, thrice—the gentlemen jocks addressed, or dressed, themselves to battle—Hysie slipped off Allan M'D.'s bear-skin, and appeared in virgin white; three cheers were given for him. The preparatory gallops were taken by several, but where was Peacemaker. Soon the murder came out: a breathless gentleman had just ridden in, "bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste;" he had met Peacemaker about 10 miles from the Curragh, "going," as he said, "large to the S.S.W." Never was there such an uproar; Hysie's dress was looked upon as confirmatory of his fate, and as he was in the tuck-up apparel, sentence was speedily passed (Irishmen are very quick in the executive part of justice), and nothing but the goodness of Moggy saved Hysie's skull, and he retired to his *dudheen*, and his doldrums, to Rossmore Lodge. Some of the favored few said Peacemaker had picked up a nail—it was a humbug; others stated she had broken down—it was a lie; Peacemaker's legs were not good, but they never were better than at that time. She ran many races after. There was more money lost upon this race than upon any public event that had happened in Ireland for the last ten years. Time, that emollient for vagabonds, had almost *rusted* this transaction, when lo! another sprung up, and Tom's fame was again *rusted, and severely too.* About four years ago races were held at Fermoy, and consisted, of course, of many plates; the principal one, however, was a sweepstakes, with 80 added, and I think there were 13 subscribers, horses to be weighed at the Curragh, the best judge decidedly at once declared Rust as a winner, and offered to back his opinion, and take 2 to 1 He was taken up at once, and Ferguson declared that Rust could win, that he never betted, &c. This, of course, was made public, and Rust found a host of backers in the south country. He went down; and appeared upon the day for the stakes looking very well indeed, and with Charley Ferguson's favorite boy upon him; he was backed yet more strongly, and the admirers of Rust found a speedy reply from a gentleman from the Curragh, who had come down for that occasion (I make no doubt by particular desire, who never attended a country course since); he betted 2 to 1, and when they were silenced at that, went to 5 to 2, and when the air found no reply, went to 6, and finally betted 7 to 2, the heavier the better. Away they started (I think eleven), Rust well placed, and going along very comfortably. The last three-quarters of a mile of the Fermoy course is a rather severe hill, with a short flat for home. At the crown of the hill Rust was fifth, pulling double. A gentleman near me, a good rider himself, and first-rate judge, offered 5 to 1 that he would win the heat; fifth he however remained, Rust pulling the same way; the first four all at it. After the heat I went up to Charley to ask the reason. He distinctly told me that he was ordered not to run for the heat, but that he could have won it. Knowing that with the lump of weight upon him he could not afford to throw away a heat, my nasal promontory gave me strong evidence of the approach of that persecuted genus, "a rat," and I communicated my suspicions to a friend of mine, who was backing Rust largely, and bid him shelter himself in a *hedge*. He galloped off for the purpose, but alas! other organs had been as sensitive as mine—the pipe was lit, and was in full blow. The vermin had appeared. The horses started for the second heat, and "Rust was drawn!" ***The race was won by Fracture, to whom Rust could have given four stone.*** Fearful of a mistake upon this point, I have since questioned the lad, and he has sworn to me that he was ordered by Ferguson not to look for the heat; nay, more, that he was near being drubbed for being so much at the head, and that Rust was so fresh, and pulled him so hard, that he was very near winning in spite of himself. Facts are stubborn things. Had Ferguson had the proper peacemaker—a good and true sense of honor, Rust could never have appeared thus, and I could cry to the evil reports of him—Hark-away!

"Ah Tam! ah Tam! thoult get thy *fairin'*."—[quere *firing*.]—Burns.

Shamrock.

OAKLAND HINDS COUNTY (Miss.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Purse $200, entrance $20, for 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.; and 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.; fillies allowed 3lbs.; Mile heats.

Col. V. C. Hick's ch. c. by Redfix, dam unknown, 2 yrs	walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Match, $1000 aside, Mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. *Leesburg*, by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs	1	1
J. D. Alford's ch. c. *Redbone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nancy Henderson, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:57.

About this race there had been much excitement for some time previous, and but for the intervention of the friends of *Leesburg*, the race in all probability would not have been run, owing to the difference of opinion as to the age of Leesburg. His owner contended that he was only 5 years old, and the opposite party thought differently. As there is much anxiety as regards this matter, it is to be hoped that some person familiar with the age of Leesburg will have the goodness to put this matter at rest.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all ages, 2 and 3 yr. olds as before—4, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards. 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. *Leesburg*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	1	1
A. Webster's br. m. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafitte, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:00—3:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse $375, ent. $40, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

W Strother's ch. h. *Yazoo Trapper*, by Sir William, dam unknown, aged	1
A. Webster's ch. f. *Lady Stosk*, by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:06.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Purse $275, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Johnson's b. h. *Toby*, by Bertrand, dam by Eagle, 6 yrs	2	1
W. T. Dillon's ch. f. *Fantail*, by Waxy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	bolt.

Time, 1:52.

On this race there was much betting, as the filly was known to he fast, and the horse to be a game one of the old fashioned sort. The filly took fright at something in the second heat and bolted, hard in hand and ahead, and ran some 80 or 100 yards in the field, before the rider could check her and ge her back into the course; still she came very near saving her distance.

Thus ended the racing at Oakland this Fall. The course during the whole week was uncommonly heavy, owing to the great quantity of dust. The sport during the time was good, and all seemed to enjoy themselves just as well as though the banks paid specie, and all the shin-plasters were burst up. There is now a Sweepstake open for colts dropped Spring of 1839, to run Fall of '41, Mile heats, and for particulars of which see advertisement.

W. F. Dillon, Sec'y & Prop'r.

P. S. There was a match run over the Oakland Course, a few weeks ago, for $600 a side, between W. Strother's *Leesburg*, and W. F. Dillon's *Fantail*, in which the latter *fanned* his honor Leesburg, to the tune of $600—not shin-plasters at that.

Match, $600 a side, One mile.

W. T. Dillon's ch. f. *Fantail*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1
W. Strother's ch. h. *Leesburg*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	2

Time, 1:55. Won easily. W. T. D.

HOLLY SPRINGS (Miss.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *North Mississippi Course* commenced on the 25th Nov., and continued six days; and taking into consideration the great inclemency of the weather, were well attended, and of a very interesting character.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. One mile.

Wm. Beard's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder	1
E. Sparks' b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Clay's William	2

Time, 2:02½. Track frozen and very rough. Betting, 2 to 1 on the Luzborough.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. P. Rains' b. f. *Adelaide*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon	2	1	1
Jernigan & Donalson's ch. c. *Clare the Kitchen*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder	1	2	
R. Gift's ch. c. *G. W. Cheatham*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet	3	dist.	

Time, 2:07—2:08—2:16. Track extremely rough and hard frozen.

Clare the Kitchen the great favorite at 3 and 4 to 1. A clear race, the two first heats between Clare the Kitchen and Adelaide, won each time by advantage in the start. The third heat the Leviathan had the game all in her own hands.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Jockey Club Purse $350, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

L. Cocke's br. f. by Imp Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs	1	1
D. M. Corley's ch. f. *Jane Clark*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs	2	2
E Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs	5	3
I. Brunson's (Simmons') ch. c. *Devil Jack*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs	3	dist.
Jernigan & Donalson's gr. c. *Tom Benton*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 4:15—4:14.

Of this race there was a fine field and much university of opinion as to the winner, the two fillies rather the favorites against the horse. The Leviathan filly having won on Monday against a tight paper, caused her friends to back her freely against any named entry. The first heat was truly an interesting one; being warmly contested by all but Preston, who had set out only to save his distance. Devil Jack made play all the time and but for his saddle slipping upon his neck many thought would have won the heat. Jane Clark equally honest at her work, and at the close of the race, although not winner, was thought to be the best racer had she equal order. Track fully as bad as yesterday, with the addition of a heavy rain.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Jockey Club Purse $450, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Jernigan & Donalson's ch. c. *Julius*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs	1	1
L. Cocke's b. f. *Adelaide*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2
J. G. Shegog's ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	3	dist.

Time, 7:04—7:11.

This was a betting race, and the knowing ones sadly picked up. James Jackson against the field made most of the bets. Some for Adelaide against James Jackson. No one thought of Julius until after the first heat, when the knowing ones saw the error of their way, and made every exertion to correct it. The Luzborough became the favorite against the field, as it was evident before the start for the second heat that he had it all his own way. The track to-day was much worse from the return of rain, and the thaw of the track which made it half leg deep to the horses.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

E. Sparks' b. f. *Medora Winston*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	2	1	1
J. G. Shegog's br. c. *Gone-away*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Jernigan & Donalson's b. f. *Fanny Jones*, by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 3 y.	3	3	dr

Time, 10:10—10:15—10:40.

Every body had looked to this day as the most important and interesting of the week as the brags from all the stables had beeh saved for it. The day came when the "heavens were hung with black." The weather baving continued rainy, and the track thawing, the mud became almost impassable, nothing, but the deep interest felt, could have drawn spectators from their fireside—nevertheless their numbers were increased.—Gone-away appeared to have most friends, at the starting and up to the tap of the drum; bets were freely offered on him, against the field. He got a very bad go off, losing near 100 yards at the start, and most unfortunate for him, the rider imprudently suffered him to close the gap in the first quarter. For the first two miles, all three seemed disposed to keep company, after which Gone-away took the lead, Fanny close up, Medora in hand, and so for another mile, when Fanny gave ground and Medora made play coming home on the last mile, close to Gone-away's heels, Fanny dropping in the distance.

2nd Heat. All three came up at the signal. Bets on Gone-away and Medora even—The Filly appearing to be in the best plight.

She took the lead and maintained it for near 3 miles, the horse close up, and Fanny bringing up the rear, some distance behind, coming to the stand in the 3d mile, the horse took the lead, but was either too gallant, or fatigued to maintain it, and quitted it again on the first turn, and did not attempt to pass again until in the home stretch, when a close rally ensued; he attempting to pass on the inside was headed by the mare, who came home by a length.

3d heat. Fanny being drawn, Medora and Gone away leading throughout, closely followed by the horse, who again made a gallant struggle for the lead in the home stretch on the innerside and was headed by the Filly, and beaten home, by the length.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Proprietor's Purse $280, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. J. Donalson's b. f. by Atlantic, 4 yrs	1	1	1
L. Cocke's b. f. *Adelaide*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	2
Simmon's b. f. by Bertrand, 3 yrs	3	dist.	
Thos. J. Winston's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.	4	dist.	

No time given.

Holly Springs Banner.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
" "	Hampton Course, J. C Meeting, 13th Jan.
Mobile, Ala. - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
Marianna, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
Raleigh, N. C. - -	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
Tallahassee, Fla. -	Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Jan.
Tuscumbia, Ala. - -	Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
Washington, D. C. -	Washington Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in May next.
Waynesboro', N.C.	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at Wm. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure.

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

Imposition Punished.—For the last week or two there has been an exhibition on the Levee, the price of admission to which ranged at from a bit to a picayune! When the former sum could not be readily obtained, the latter amount was *accepted*. Two strapping, indolent fellows, that ought to have been employed in rolling cotton bales, or at some other manual labor—attended the *pavilion*, containing the "wonderful curiosity;" and contrived daily, to fleece the *very* curious out of a number of bits!

Yesterday morning however, a crowd of those persons that imagined themselves imposed on, gathered around the exhibition *room*, and from abuse of the exhibitors, soon proceeded to blows. They then tore down the pavilion, when the "showmen" rapidly decamped, followed by the crowd: the fellow that carried off the "wonderful curiosity," had to retreat into a store with it, otherwise he would have been subjected, in all probability, to a ducking, and "puss in boots" permitted to scamper off!

It appears that this precious pair of lazy rascals contrived by some means or other, to get a *cat* into a bottle, to which they attached artifisial legs formed of rat tails and other pliable substances; they then commenced business, and set up an exhibition of a "*wonderful cat with eight legs!*" to be seen in a bottle—consequence was as above detailed. New Orleans Humbug.

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault-finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well placed back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a silky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[t1my] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1831; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the fevorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston. [Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER

STORR & MORTIMER,

OF New Bond st., London, Manufacturing Silversmiths and Jewellers, beg leave to announce that they have just arrived, with a new and fashionable assortment of JEWELLERY, PLATE, and plated articles of the very best quality and workmanship, which are now ready for inspection at their rooms, No. 20 Warren st., near Broadway.

Jan. 11—[3t*]

TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to

Jan. 11. J. H. RAGAN, Hagerstown, Md.

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND HINDS COUNTY, Miss.

SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to run Fall of 1841, Mile heats; subscription $200 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race. Now 4 subs., viz:

1. Col. C. V. Hicks names produce of a Pacolet mare and Anvil.
2. P. G. Johnson names produce of an Imp. Philip mare and Stockholder.
3. A. Johnson names produce of a Hannibal mare and Stockholder.
4. W. T. Dillon names produce of an Anvil mare and Imp. Leviathan.

Jan. 4-1t W. T. DILLON, *Sec'y* and *Prop'r.*

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala., will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money*. C. SPRAWL, *Proprietor.*

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839 —[jan4-5t]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(Translation.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed Achmed el Said Mastafani.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. Achmed el Ebab.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[seal] Murad Artin,

Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES POSTPONED.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the recent afflictions upon the city of Augusta, the proprietors of the *Lafayette Course* deem it proper to postpone their annual December Meeting until the 27th of January next, at which time fine sport may be expected.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. To which are the following subscribers:—

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
3. Jos. H. Towns' names br. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin.
4. Col. J. Crowell names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Sir Hal mare.
5. R. D. Glover names ch. c. by Contention, out of an Eclipse mare.
6. G. Edmonson names ch. f. by Andrew, out of a Gallatin mare.
7. John Morrison's b. c. *Tom Smith*, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Richards.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Dec. 28.

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor.*

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1840.

THE 1st No. of this work was published on the 1st of January, 1839, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of Charles XII.; on Steel by Dick, after Herring.
Splint used for Fractured Limbs of Horses; on Wood by Childs.

CONTENTS.

To Readers and Correspondents, Etc. 2
Charles XII., Winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes, 1839. 3
The Death of Medoc; By the Editor 3
Another Remedy for Bots in Horses 6
Splint used for Fractured Limbs of Horses; by Dr. Miller 7
Fire Island Ana; By "J. Cypress, Jr." 11
The "New Theory of Stallions"; By "Pendleton" 16
A Wolf-Hunt on the Warwick Hills, By "Frank Forester" 17
How to Buy a Horse. No. VII. By an Amateur 25
The Opinions and Exploits of Tom Trigor; By "Ben Bullit" 33
Price of Stallions—Priam, Tranby, Etc.; By "J." 42
The Distemper in Dogs; By A Sportsman 45
Turf Register 47
Addition to the Stock of William Gibbens, Esq. 47
Continuation of the Stock of W. E. and M. R. Smith 48
Stock of David D. Schamp, Esq. 47
Stock of R. C. Hilliard, Esq. 48
Pedigree of Nitocris .... "
American Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Broad Rock, Va., Fairfield Course 49
Columbus, Ga .... "
Raleigh, N. C. .... "
Fulton, S. C. 50
Hopkinsville, Ky. .... "
Oxford, N. C. 51
Cynthiana, Ky. .... "
Livingston, Ala. 52
Harrison County, Ind. .... "
Greenville, S. C. .... "
Mecklenburgh, Va. 53
Frankfort, Ky. .... "
Moscow, Ky. 54
Beans' Station, Tenn. .... "
Greensboro', Ala. 54
Columbia, Tenn. 55
St. Louis, Mo. 56
Huntsville, Ala. .... "
Campbell's Station, Tenn. 57
Sulphur Spring, Ky. .... "
Little Rock, Arks. .... "
Columbus, Miss. 58
Clarksville, Tenn. .... "
Florence, Ala. .... "
Columbia, S. C. 59
Tuscumbia, Ala. .... "
Opelousas, La. 60
Fairfield, Va. .... "
English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at Newton 38
Curragh June Meeting 40

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, January 4 1840.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

NEW VOLUME COMMENCED IN JANUARY.

THE following personal opinions, from distinguished sources, and criticisms of the public press, (selected from upwards of *five thousand* similar notices,) on both sides of the Atlantic, afford sufficient evidence of the reputation of the work:—

PERSONAL OPINIONS.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"I peruse the numbers of the Knickerbocker with high gratification. They seem to me of an order of merit quite above the average of the periodicals of this class, American or English. If I should not find it in my power to place myself in the excellent company of your contributors, with which you tempt me, it will not be for the want of good will."

THE AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK," "OLIVER TWIST," etc.

"I read the Knickerbocker with very great pleasure; it is indeed a most various and entertaining periodical. It will afford me pleasure to contribute to the pages of a work which numbers among its regular correspondents such writers as Mr. Irving."

HON. J. K. PAULDING, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

"I have always felt a deep interest in the Knickerbocker, and taken pleasure in bringing it to the notice of my friends. The manner in which it is conducted, and the great merit of many of its contributors, place it in the highest rank of periodicals. . . . You merit increasing success, by your zeal, energy, and perseverance."

PROF. LONGFELLOW, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

"The Knickerbocker stands high in this quarter. It is infinitely superior to most of the English Magazines, and well deserves its large list of subscribers."

HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, GEORGIA.

"It will give me great pleasure, at all times, to be of service to the Knickerbocker, for it is an honor, and a high one, to the literature of our country. It is a work which requires no 'puffing,' and I shall always feel that I am conferring a favor on the persons to whom I recommend it, rather than upon the proprietors."

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I am glad to see that the Knickerbocker still continues to increase in attraction, although there is scarcely need that it should do so. I have long regarded it as the best periodical in America, and it really seems second to none abroad."

REV. DR. DICK, SCOTLAND.

"I have read a good many of the articles in the few numbers of the Knickerbocker which you sent me, and find them to possess great merit. Some of its papers, it is true, were too light for my serious turn of mind; yet the whole appears well calculated to gratify the tastes of the general mass of readers. Although more of a literary than a scientific journal, I have found in it three or four excellent articles on scientific subjects."

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR SEWARD.

"I will try soon to deserve a corner in the Knickerbocker, an honor which I shall share with a noble array of contributors, embracing the finest minds in the country. I am glad you have enlisted our three chiefs, Irving, Halleck, and Bryant."

SIR E. L. BULWER, THE POPULAR NOVELIST.

"The Knickerbocker is the best American periodical I have yet seen." . . . . "I take pleasure in enclosing you some lines, which were penned expressly for your work."

OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The New York American.—"This is certainly a capital Magazine, edited with untiring industry and varied talent. Its contents are suited to all tastes, that are at all cultivated and refined; and 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' each may choose for himself." "It puts forth abundant claims to the support of men of letters, and all readers of correct taste."

The London Examiner.—"This very clever Magazine," (says the "Examiner," very high literary authority in England, "is the pleasantest periodical in the United States. Its articles, which are numerous and short, various and interesting, are well worthy of imitation by our Magazines on this side of the Atlantic. Who in England will not rejoice to hear regularly from Washington Irving? His contributions to the Knickerbocker are in his best style—a style, we venture to think, quite as good as Addison's."

The Albany Argus.—"The Knickerbocker is one of the most valuable Magazines of the day, and outstrips all competition in the higher walks of literature. It is rich, racy, and varied; exhibiting industry, taste, and talent at the helm, equal to all it undertakes."

London "Times," "Chronicle," and "Literary Gazette."—"The London 'Times,'" (says the N. Y. Evening Star,) "commends the K. in cordial terms, and speaks of several articles from which it had selected liberal extracts for subsequent publication." The "Morning Chronicle" says: "Judging from the numbers before us, we are inclined to consider this the best of all American literary periodicals. Its contents are highly interesting, instructive, and amusing." The "Literary Gazette" says: "The taste and talent which the K. displays, are highly creditable to American writers, and very agreeable for English readers."

The Baltimore American.—"It is not strange that 'the Old Knick.,' as this work is familiarly called by its friends, should advance in public esteem, when the ability with which it is conducted is taken into account. The editor exercises sound taste in the choice of contributed articles, while those which are furnished from his own table, bear the impress of study, talent, and reflection."

The Washington Globe.—"The Knickerbocker is in the highest degree creditable to the literature of our country."

The New York Gazette.—"This Magazine is about to become a little better than the best; for it has been *best* for some time; but a work enjoying the favor and enriched by the labors of Irving, will of course be sought with avidity by every man and woman in all countries where the English language is spoken or read."

Marryat's London Metropolitan Magazine.—"We have read several numbers of this talented periodical, and rejoiced in them. They would do credit to any country, or to any state of civilization to which humanity has yet arrived."

The New York Courier and Enquirer.—"With Geoffrey Crayon, and their extraordinary list of correspondents, the editors of the Knickerbocker get out, monthly, as entertaining and spirited a Magazine as is published in the English language."

The National Intelligencer.—"The Knickerbocker seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions, unsurpassed in number or ability."

The Boston Post.—"Its contents are of rare excellence. It is learned without pedantry, pleasant without buffoonery, and just without severity. It is, in short, the best periodical in America, in our humble opinion."

The Providence (R. I.) Journal.—"The Knickerbocker comes to us on new type, and paper of the finest and whitest texture and color; and is embellished with a superb engraving, on steel, of 'A Scene on the Hudson.' The Knickerbocker, we think, has never *promised* engravings, but from its commencement, it has *given* them. No finer plates have given in any work in America, than the elegant views of the Hudson scenery; the 'Ruins of Jamestown,' 'Lake of the Dismal Swamp,' 'The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant,' all on steel; and in the earlier numbers, the portraits of Irving, Gilbert Stuart, Gen. Chasse, the brave hero of Antwerp, and views of one or two public edifices in New York, were also excellent prints."

The New York Evening Post.—'The Knickerbocker contains articles very various in style and character. The reader passes 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' with an agreeable transition . . . . It is one of the chief merits of a magazine, to comprise as large a variety of subjects, as is compatible with the proper treatment of each."

Jan. 11.—[1t]

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER,

Dec. 28. 130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Four mile Sweepstakes.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*

F. K. West, *Secretary.* Dec. 28.

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thorough-bred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be prefered; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

Performances.

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta*	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope	2	2	2	r.o.
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3	r.o.
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2
A P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs.	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $700, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs.	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2	3
T. A. Pankey's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs.	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs.	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs.	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104.	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs.	2	3	3

Time, 5.56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights. After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs, own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes; while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839.—[dec21-8t]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall name (W. H. Fennell's) produce of James Cropper's dam by Whip, and St. Leger.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trufle dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co, Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oacar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c. BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 19, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

CRITIC FOR SALE

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high repution which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23-t jan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House directed to Caleb Dorsey.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $1 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. -tljan]]n9vo

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor*.

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-t·j[

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk,	Jesse Cage,	G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham,	Henry Dickinson,	George Elliott,
Saml. Ragland,	Alex. Barrow,	Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild	James Jackson.	Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry.	Jesse Cage.	George Elliott.

[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a rece; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor*.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. | Hugh Rogers. | David McDaniel. | Maj. N. T. Green.

2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John White.	Jno. C. Rogers.	Robt. Chapman, by N. T. Green.
Thos. W. Rainey.	David McDaniel.	Wm. Townes.
Abner Robertson.	W. B. Cunningham.	

4. Spring Meeting, 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. To name and close 1st day of Jan. next. Now 8 subs., viz.:

George W. Polk.	David McDaniel.	O. P. Hare.
N. T. Green.	Col. McLeod.	W. Townes.
Jno. C. Rogers.	Col. W. Hampton.	

5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 9 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840.

John M. Bryan.	Wm. McCargo.	Geo. Goodwyn.
John C. Rogers.	John White.	David McDaniel.
David McDaniel.	P. A. Prindle.	R. B. Cunningham.

Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.

6. A Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 4, 1839.—[dec14-3t]

P.S. The Races over the Raleigh State Course will commence on the 4th Tuesday April next, and over the Waynesboro' Course the 2d Tuesday in April next. D

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors*.

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1½ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenneasee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.

Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.

Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19 Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
8. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SOUTH CAROLINA ANNUAL RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Washington Course*, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 17th February.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, Imp. ch. f. *Actress*, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan.
3. P. McRa names Imp. ch. f. by Langar.
4. Col. Singleton names Imp. f. by Priam.
5. Paul Fitzsimons names br. f. by St. Nicholas.
6. John Manning names ch. f. by Langar, out of The Balkan by Blacklock.
7. M. Seabrook names ch f. by Medoc, out of Sally Taylor.
8. Dr. Heyward names br. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, out of Roxana
9. Wade Hampton, Jr. names br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
10. P. M. Butler names Imp. b. f. by Actæon, out of Scandal by Selim.
11. Jas. H. Adams names Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
12. Jas. B. Richardson names —— by Imp. Nonplus, out of Zoraida's dam.
13. G. Edmonson names ch f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.
14. P. McRa names ch. c *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles.
15. John Woolfolk names ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair.

Second day—Citizens' Purse, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

The rule hitherto preventing horses starting for this race, that were not under 5 years of age, has been altered, so as to make the race free for all ages, carrying weight for age, as on the other days.

Sixth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

The amount of this Purse depends upon the receipts at the gates.

[dec14-6t] JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary*.

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7 Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 11—Will be presented, the tragedy of CORIOLANUS; Coriolanus, Mr. VANDENHOFF.
MONDAY, Jan. 13—Sixth night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF;—RICHELIEU.
TUESDAY, Jan. 14—Mr. VANDENHOFF'S Benefit;—ION; Ion, Miss Vandenhoff; Adrastus, Mr. Vandenhoff—THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS; Felix, Mr. Vandenhoff.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15—Last night but one of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF;—RICHELIEU.
THURSDAY, Jan. 16—Last night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF;—THE WIFE.
FRIDAY, Jan. 17—Miss VANDENHOFF'S Benefit.

CONCERT HALL, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE undersigned (Proprietor of the above establishment) wishes to make known ba Professional Ladies and Gentlemen, Conductors of Exhibitions of a respectleto character, &c. &c., who may be desirous of visiting the city of St. Louis, Mo., that they can be accommodated with the Grand Hall, 100 feet by 40, and 20 feet high—the Lecture Hall, 70 feet by 40, and other commodious rooms in the building, for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c., &c., by the night or week, by applying to
WM. L. WELLS, at Concert Hall, Market st., St. Louis, Mo.
Dec., 1839.—[dec21-6t]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.
The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.
Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.
N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The VANDENHOFFS opened on Monday evening last to a house of eight or nine hundred dollars—a change in the receipts of the establishment due to the untiring exertions of the management to deserve success, and the high standing obtained in this country by Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter.

The excellence of Mr. Vandenhoff has been universally acknowledged in this country and in Europe. He belongs to the old school of the drama—classical and severe. He is said to have formed his style upon the model of JOHN KEMBLE—an actor unsurpassed upon the English stage in a whole range of characters. With rigorous severity has Mr. V. conformed his acting to the chaste and finished standard of his school. It was not surprising, therefore, that on Monday evening last he made an impression in the character of *Master Walter*, in the "Hunchback," which had not hitherto been equalled in New York, save by himself at a rival house. The unanimity of the press in lauding his effort was natural and just.

But if we thus acknowledge our sympathy with the critics of the daily press in their remarks upon Mr. V.—if we maintain, indeed, that these remarks have been too tame and cold, instead of too complimentary, we must be excused if we express an equal surprise at the indiscriminate and almost preposterous flattery with which Miss Vandenhoff has been noticed. The course of the critics towards her has been so extravagant that it must inevitably produce its natural effect—a revulsion of public feeling now setting strongly towards the old theatre, and a recoil of that good will, which would gladly have acknowledged in Miss Vandenhoff's personations, their *real* merit, and which would have cheered her on in the attainment of yet higher excellence.

Beyond the possibility of doubt, we believe her performance of *Julia* on *Monday* evening to have been one of the most crude and faulty attempts ever witnessed; we can recollect but one or two worse. Our condemnation extends both to her conception and her execution of the part. In the former, she seemed to lose sight altogether of the delicacy of feeling which should characterize the *Julia* of SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Love and pride should struggle in her breast, tempered in their outbreaks by a refinement of feeling and a purity of sentiment which her secluded education had imparted to a soul, by nature warm and noble. If the fervency of her passion, the violence of her wounded pride, should find no check in the delicacy natural to her sex, sufficient restraints exist in the usages of the society into which she is thrown, and her deference for a guardian and teacher who has won all her respect and affection.

But if her conception were faulty, much more so was her execution of the part. Literally, it outdid termagant. The suspicion crossed our mind that Miss Vandenhoff might be suffering from hoarseness, and yet that in consequence of her anxiety to succeed, playing to a large and a strange audience, she endeavored to overcome all the inconveniences of her situation, by throwing more than her usual energy into the part. If this were so, how far did she overshoot the mark! Point upon point was made, to which she gave a vehement and absolute fierceness of action, almost too great for the sternest parts of Richard; when to our minds a right conception should have induced the assumption of quiet pathos and deep-seated, almost silent grief. She made *too many* points; the last act was a succession of them. The very beauty which all acknowledge in what is thus technically called a "point," depends upon the relief which the performance derives from the contrast with subdued passages. When the actor is continually rushing about the stage, declaiming at the top of his lungs, and working up every period to a noisy climax, it awakens any thing but pleasure; it is absolute rant, and this is the simple, the undoubted fault, which characterized the performance of Miss Vandenhoff on Monday; it was downright ranting.

When first we heard Miss Vandenhoff at the National theatre, we expressed an opinion of her powers and pretensions as an actress—not so strong as that just above, but yet not inconsistent with it. At the National, we saw her but in a single act of two distinct plays; at the Park, we have done her more justice, by seeing her throughout the entire performances, and we have renewed occasion to designate those general faults to which, in the outset, we called attention.

Her voice is unfortunately harsh and dissonant; her enunciation is formal and precise—too like that of a school girl reciting to a watchful mistress, "Cato, thou reasonest well." In the whole first act of the "Hunchback," she lacks that graceful ease and playfulness which belongs to the simple and enthusiastic May-day queen. But the first act—so difficult to play that it is most usually indifferently represented—is not the test by which we judge Miss Vandenhoff. In subsequent, and more passionate scenes, are her most notable faults. She divests the character of that pathos which has so moved us when presented by others. "I call you Clifford and you call me Madam," had hitherto been associated in our mind with the most touching, most reproachful, and most pathetic expression of love and sorrow; Miss Vandenhoff almost shrieked it forth, literally "tearing a passion to tatters."

But enough of condemnation. Because Miss Vandenhoff has not yet attained, at her youthful age, the highest honors of her profession, she should not, therefore, despair of ultimate success. She has much cleverness, and youth, and beauty, on her side; she has the best of teachers in her father—one of the best of actors; she has application, too, and, with all these appliances for success, she must yet become distinguished upon the stage.

And let us not be thought rude in thus distinctly expressing opinions which many will think disparaging of this lady. The indiscreet zeal of her friends has forced us to be plain and explicit. She has been said, over and over again, the past week, to play *Julia* better than any individual has yet done, save FANNY KEMBLE—some will not even except her. This is gross flattery in our opinion, unjust to the profession to which Miss Vandenhoff belongs, and most injurious to herself. While the daily press would half convince you that there is no differance of opinion in estimating her merit, it is our belief that not an acknowledged judge of acting in the city will, in private, endorse the performance of Monday night. The house, on that occasion, did not applaud with unanimity or with enthusiasm; the applause did not come from the well-filled pit, nor was it bestowed with the discrimination which ever marks a fair Park audience in judging of a play with which all are perfectly familiar. The cheers which she received, alike for the worst as for her happy points, came from over zealous friends, whose kind partiality will defeat—nay, has defeated—their generous aim. The attendance on Wednesday, compared with that of Monday, told faithfully, as we were sure it would, the opinion of the Park play goers.

Since our remarks upon the performances of Monday were written, we have been assured by those who saw Miss Vandenhoff repeat the character on Wednesday, that she played it in a manner by far more chaste and subdued.—This we heard with pleasure, for nothing can be more foreign to our thought than to impede the progress of this young lady in an arduous profession. But before she can place herself at the head of it, she must be convinced, and her instructor must be convinced, *that she is not there now*. The flattery of her friends may produce a different conviction in her mind; if so, her advancement is that moment stayed.

Our strictures apply but to the one character of *Julia*, and we allow that faulty as was that performance on Monday, it evinced talent of a high order, *and a talent for the stage, too*. The errors, even, which were on all hands discovered, sprung from an over-weening ambition, and, with the talents of Miss Vandenhoff, this ambition is the almost certain harbinger of success. If, after this frank avowal, we should be asked, "why not cancel your remarks upon the 'Hunchback' of Monday evening," we reply, that it is because that performance drew from the press commendation and extravagant praise, which should not be allowed to go unquestioned. Common fairness and truth demand that such puffery should be exposed.

On Wednesday, "Richelieu" was produced, and the experiment of thus giving to Mr. Vandenhoff an opportunity to exercise his great powers was so far successful, that the audience on Thursday evening was larger even than on Monday—it contrasted but too well for our argument with that of the previous evening.

There are those who say that Bulwer's plays are adapted only for the closet; no man can see Vandenhoff, or Forrest, in *Richelieu*, and yield to this opinion. When fitly represented, there is a strong absorbing interest in this drama, which surpasses almost any other in our recollection. The plot is somewhat intricate; several incidents, upon which its development mainly depends, are in themselves so slight, as often to escape the observation of one who sees the play for the first time. But granting this, yet the action is so direct, rapid and bold, and all concentrating in the wily Cardinal, that it is impossible to tear yourself from it, when once you consent to listen.

On Thursday, barring the imperfections incident to a first performance, the play was admirably played. Mr. Vandenhoff is by no means equal to Forrest in the character, but he plays it greatly to your satisfaction, in his own chastened manner. His daughter made an admirable *Julie de Mortemar;* the character is well adapted to develope her best qualities. CRESWICK did himself more credit as *Mauprat* than he has done in any previous part; the *Father Joseph* of CHIPPENDALE could not have been improved. All, all, indeed, engaged in the play, save the Secretaries in the concluding scene, did well, and loud applause confirmed the triumph at the fall of the curtain. Henceforth, let Mr. Vandenhoff insist upon his appropriate business, and let not the interests of the theatre be sacrificed to build up a single reputation.

The house on Thursday contained about $1000. This was due to the management, who incurred expense freely in getting up the play. The scenery was new, and extremely beautiful, and, of itself, repeatedly drew applause. The house was fashionable as well as crowded, and all went home delighted to have witnessed the reviving fortunes of the Park. Let "Richelieu" be played again and again, and then bring out the new plays of Knowles and Bulwer; let not this engagement close on the Monday, or let there be an immediate re-engagement. Thus shall the single worthy temple of the legitimate drama win back its thousand votaries.

The Olympic.—Would our readers "laugh and grow fat" let them drop in to this house and see and hear the "Roof Scrambler." So happy a hit has not been made in many months in the way of fun. It is a travestie of "La Sonnambula," an opera almost too beautiful to be so used, but the wit is too genuine for us to condemn the attempt. MITCHELL plays *Amina*, under the English, if not more euphonious, name of *Molly Brown*. And how irresistible is the lovely *Molly*, whether in simpering gladness she engages in soft dalliance with her swain, *Swelvino*—whether upbraiding him for his ill-timed jealousy—whether scrambling over house-tops, or descending by pump-handles and water casks—or, more than all, sinking with decorous and innocent grace upon the couch of *Rodolpho*. In all, she is inimitable, her full and open countenance, glowing the while with tenderness and affection, or blanched with fear and utter misery. Never has the beauty of filial piety and confidence been so boldly and truly depicted as by the lovely *Molly*, as she ever and anon rushes frantic with grief into the arms of her mama.

And then the musical charms of the "Roof Scrambler"—the glad voices which mingle in the swelling chorus to hail *Swelvino's* marriage; and the *silent* one which so eloquently describes to *Rodolpho* the mystery of the enchanted chamber! And in that grand *finale*, how mellifluously does *Molly Brown* glide from the exulting and rapturous burst of "Ah! do not mingle" into a fitting, a joyous double shuffle! Never again shall we be able to listen to *Miss Shirreff* in this part without suffering from the remembrance of Mitchell as *Molly Brown*.

The Olympic is honoured every night with a fashionable attendance, and every man is amply repaid in hearty laughter. Nothing drags, all is fun and frolic. It is a great resort of the actors from other companies, who come here to enjoy the many clever performances of MITCHELL, BROWNE, WILLIAMS and others "too numerous to mention."

ENGLISH THEATRICAL ON DITS.

Mrs. Honey and George Wieland, the celebrated pantomimist, have been at Dublin; the latter created a great sensation in the ballet of *The Daughter of the Danube*, in which he sustained his original character. On Saturday, we regret to state, that a damp was thrown on the latter part of the piece, in consequence of Mr. Wieland having received a severe stab from a sword, while engaged with Mr. Elsgood in the first act. He was obliged immediately to retire, and Mr. Calcraft coming forward, claimed the indulgence of the audience for a brief period, when he stated that Mr. Wieland would conclude the performance. After some delay the piece was proceeded with, and, notwithstanding his wound, Mr. Wieland exerted himself to the utmost.

The farce of "Chaos Is Come Again" has been produced with great success at the Edinburgh Theatre. Mr. Pritchard, late of Covent Garden, has returned to his old quarters, where he is a universal favorite.

Hooper, who has become the manager of several theatres on the Northern Circuit is forming his company; strict economy is to be the order of the day, and the performers' salaries will depend entirely upon the success of his speculation. It is said that his leading performers will commence at a salary of less than twenty shillings per week.

Charles Baker, of Drury-lane, has been appointed stage-manager at the St. James's.

Sir E. Bulwer's "Richelieu" was produced at the Dublin Theatre on Wednesday, Nov. 27th, and with success.

"Jack Sheppard" has been brought out at Brighton, Manchester, Sheffield, and other provincial theatres.

The Misses Smith continue at Edinburgh, where they are great favorites.

Hammond is in treaty with Braham and Phillips for Drury-lane. The latter is engaged, and will make his appearance as Caspar, in "Der Freischutz." Should they come to terms, Braham will appear in his original character of Fra Diavolo to Miss Delcy's Zerlina.

Miss Romer and Templeton commenced an engagement of eight nights at Liverpool, on Wednesday, Nov. 20, in the opera of "La Sonnambula."

Templeton took his benefit at Liverpool on the 25th November, and had a bumper to the opera of "The Love Spell," in which Miss Romer and Mr. G. Stansbury performed Adina and Doctor Dulcamara, Templeton appearing as Nemorine, and Frederick, in "No Song No Supper." He, with Miss Romer, then proceeded to Dublin, where they were to open on the 3d ult., in the "Siege of Rochelle."

"Jim Crow" has been "getting up stairs" at Derby, but that place being thronged with Dissenters, he has not done it to a very "good time."

Mr. Hackett has been re-engaged at Drury-lane, and will make his re-appearance as Solomon Swop in Who Wants a Guinea?

A son of Mr. O'Connell, the Irish agitator and mendicant, has been performing at the Colchester Theatre.

Mrs. Waylett will commence an engagement early in January in Dublin. She is a great favorite in Dublin, and Calcraft has engaged the siren at her own terms.

On dit, Miss Romer at the conclusion of her provincial engagements will appear at Covent Garden. She has been offered £60 a week.

Ducrow left town on the closing of Astley's, where his season has been the most prosperous known for years. In the first instance he proceeds to Newcastle, to fulfil a short engagement there; next to Edinburgh—taking with him a portion of his company. His equestrians meantime proceed to Norwich, on their own account, he having very liberally lent them some of his best performing horses, together with two of his most sagacious ponies. The "Master of the Horse" will return at Christmas to Liverpool, where he has taken Bates's Amphitheatre, which he is fitting up with unusual splendour, and which he will open on what is called the "boxing night," with the whole strength of his London company.

During the month of November, at the twenty-five theatres opened nightly in Paris, forty-two new pieces have been given, thus subdivided:—One comedy, one comic opera, nine melodramas, twenty-eight vaudevilles, burlettas, and comedy-vaudevilles, and three pantomimes. Mademoiselle Rachel made her reappearance, after a long indisposition, at the theatre Francais on Friday the 29th of November, in the tragedy of "Cinna." She was most enthusiastically received, and greeted by an immense audience.

The Cirque Olympique, on the Boulevards, the winter theatre of Franconi, was crowded to excess to witness the first performance of the Lion King, Mr. Carter, just imported from Ducrow's theatre in London. Mr. Carter was enthusiastically received, and his combat with the tiger was pronounced by the Gallic amateurs to be "delicious as well as marvellous." It went off with eclat, and no accident occurred, as had been anticipated. Van Amburgh, his "soul in arms" at the arrival of Carter, has written a letter to the Parisian prints, to say that he is "eager for the affray," and that he will soon resume his representations at the Porte St. Martin, which has been fast going to ruin since Van Amburgh's wound.

The services of Mrs. E. Knight (late Miss Povey) are secured to Covent Garden theatre.

Miss Rainsforth is now the Polly in the "Beggar's Opera" at the Covent Garden theatre.

The subjoined letter has been addressed to the Editor of the Observer Paper by Mr. R. Lacy:—

"Sir—It having been conveyed to me that the name of Miss Delcy excites the weekly displeasure of your Reporter on theatricals, I am induced (unwillingly) to notice a matter of such exceedingly little consequence to the public. The young lady in question made choice of the name of Delcy (a simple abbreviation of our family name) on her first appearance in public, and having, under that name, been crowned with such flattering success, she intends to retain it during her theatrical career.

"Let me add, that the name of Delcy will prevent mistakes in dates and persons. There was lately a Miss Lacy (since Mrs. Lovel) on the stage; also a Miss Lacy, her sister. There is a Miss Lacy, also a singer, daughter of Madame Bianchi-Lacy; and likewise a Miss Lacy, now in the *corps de ballet* of Drury Lane.

"The name of Delcy, in the playbills, need not hinder your Reporter from calling Miss Delcy either Miss De Lacy or Miss Lacy.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant, ROPHINO DE LACY, or LACY.
"To the Editor of the Observer."

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Beriot, the violinist, lately gave a concert at Brunn, the natal town of Ernst. Rosenhain, the pianist, has returned to Paris, after having given concerts in Germany; as also Halle, the pianist.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles is writing an Opera, to be composed by Benedict; but for which theatre we have not heard, most probably Covent Garden.

Mrs. Alfred Shaw made her *début* at the Theatre La Scala on the 18th of last month, in a new opera, entitled "Oberto Conté di San Bonifazio," by Verdi, a young composer. Her success was triumphant. Her principal air, in the opening of the second act, was received with thunders of applause, and she was four times called for in the course of the evening. Mrs. Shaw is the only English dramatic vocalist, since Mrs. Billington, who has reaped laurels on Italian ground.

The great Italian opera company are in Paris. At the last accounts Lablache was indisposed. On the 30th of November he was to have appeared in La Cenerentola, but the Barbiere was substituted, in which Pauline Garcia, Rubini, and Tamburini acted. "Nina," by Coppola, is in active rehearsal for Pauline, as it is also at the Opera Comique, where a French version will be given, entitled Eva, for the *debut* of Madame Manuel Garcia, sister-in-law of Pauline.

Ole Bull, the violinist, has left Munich for Stuttgard, where he was to give two concerts prior to his fulfilling an engagement at the Academie Royale, in Paris.

Ernst, the violinist, is at Hamburgh.

Poggi, who is now considered in Italy the first tenor after Rubini, has returned from a professional tour in Northern Russia. He gave concerts, with great applause, at St. Petersburgh and Moscow, and let his southern notes be heard in the distant region of Michni-Novogorod. The first tenor of the Scala does not draw a very smiling picture of the state of dramatic art and singing in those northern parts.

Young Lablache is engaged at the Academie, and will appear as Guillaume Tell. Pauline Garcia is to appear as Ninetta, in the Gazza Ladra, before she plays Nina.

It is positively stated that Madame Persiani, whose engagement with the Italian Theatre at Paris expires this year, has just entered into another one for next year with the Scala Theatre of Milan. The director of that theatre, M. Morelli, is said to have even sent a blank engagement to Madame Persiani, to be filled up on her own termt. Notwithstanding his munificence, we doubt that anything has been finally concluded with the celebrated cantatrice, for Paris clings too much to the child of its adoption to let her go.

Sinister reports are in circulation here respecting the health of Grisi, which I hope are incorrect. Her reappearance is much desired, as the sole weight of the attraction at present falls on Persiani; and she cannot, of course, be expected to sing every night. The Cenerentola and Il Barbiere have failed to draw. The popularity of Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini is, if possible, on the increase.

Pianist Liszt is in Vienna, giving concerts for Beethoven's monument. Paganini has quitted Genoa for Nice. His strength is daily declining, and he can scarcely speak. Clara Wieck, the pianist, has been giving concerts in Berlin with Muller, the violinist. Beriot, the violinist, and Benedict, the pianist, have given a concert at Stuttgard.

The annual distribution of prizes of the Conservatoire was presided over by M. de Heratry, a French Peer, who pronounced a discourse in which the progress of the pupils was lauded. He promised a fine singer and future *prima donna* in Mademoiselle Dobree, and noticed in flattering terms the new tenors Masset and Marie at the Opera Comique.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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